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PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

THE MODERN GRISELDA.

A Domestic Tale.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT? &c.

Well-order'd home, man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise.

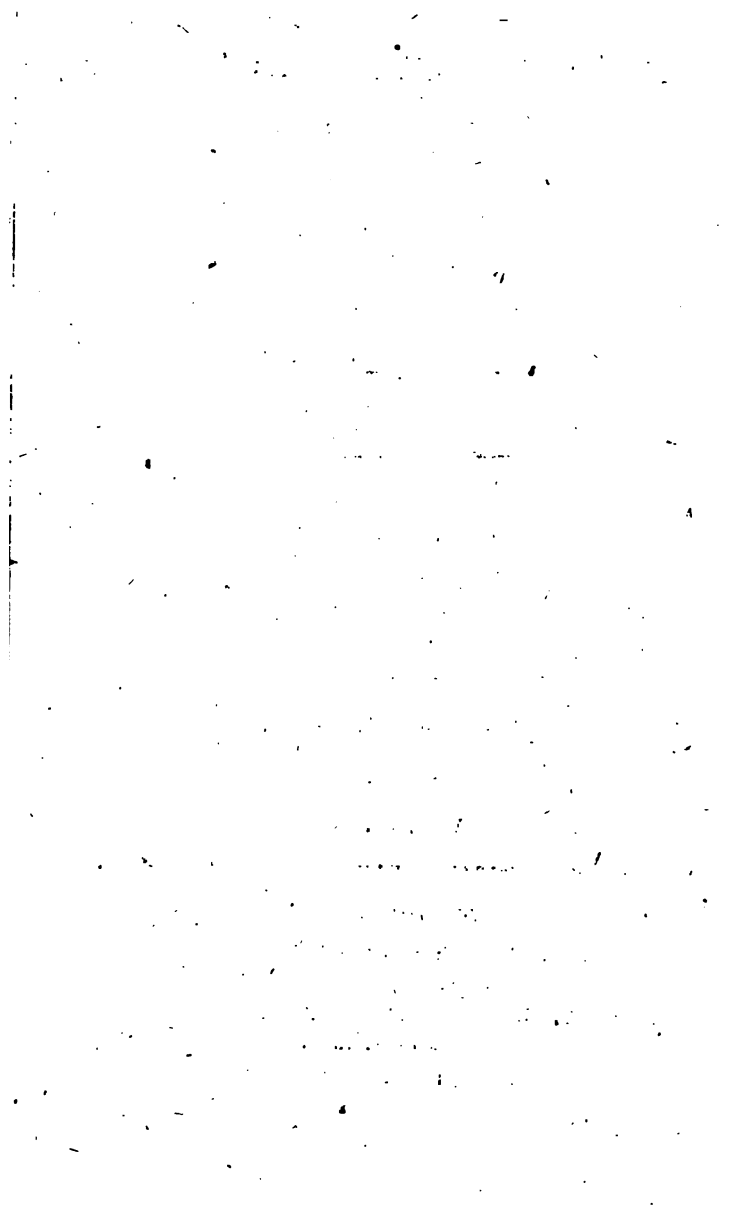
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Patience and Perseverance.

CHAP. I.

SIR Edward's disorder at length yielded to the excellence of his constitution, so far as regarded the more immediate danger; but it left behind it considerable debility, and, what was still worse, a violent rheumatic affection in his limbs, which appeared so obstinate, that there was no hope of removing it during the winter, by any remedy that it was possible to apply; and there was but too much reason to fear it might embitter even all the rest of his life: the violence of his pain affected principally the leg which had been injured by the

fall, but the least perception of cold, of change of climate, rendered him subject to it in every part of his body.

The relief, however, this partial amendment gave to Griselda, by rescuing her mind from its severest fear, taught her to be more sensible of the decline in her own health, owing to the incessant uneasiness she had experienced, and the severe cold she had taken, on the night when (as she believed) Providence had directed her to the relief of her husband. She endeavoured therefore now to take that rest sorrow had banished from her eyes, and to regain that strength so peculiarly necessary for her at this period: but, alas! the situation of sir Edward was now infinitely more intolerable to himself than it had been; for the degree of liberty he had gained only served to make the confinement under which he laboured still more insupportable to him; and he sighed for ease, in proportion to his sense of its privation. It will be generally found, in cases of sickness, that men have
most

most resolution, and women most patience in bearing pain. Many a man will submit to amputation, with the firmness of a stoic, who will prove fretful, querulous, and impatient, over a fit of the toothache: it is one thing to bear a great suffering, and another to endure a petty torment: where we can praise our minds for magnanimity, and our hearts for firmness, there is a pleasure that consoles us for our pain, arising even from self-love; but to acquire fortitude to endure that which produces neither honour nor reward, which is always corroding and never exhibiting, is a lesson taught only by *one* philosopher, and is not one of the *earliest* lessons of even our *divine master*.

In this, at least, our baronet was manifestly deficient; he had courage that might have rendered him a hero; resolution that might have endured martyrdom; but to be tied to the house all the day long with a lame leg; to have a perpetual ache in those limbs, so lately renowned for their agility;

neither to run, fence, dance, leap, or even ride, when every one of these exercises had been from very infancy as natural, and from habit as necessary, apparently, as sleeping, breathing, and eating, was a state of being so new, so tormenting, so out of all the common routine of suffering, that it might be allowed to make a man cross, without any reflection on the general excellency of his temper. 'Tis true, this was not the first time the baronet had been confined; but his wound was a very different affair; the great loss of blood he then sustained, produced a physical mildness favourable to placidity of temper; his affairs were in a state of mortifying and depressing confusion, and confinement in an apartment which shut him from the eye of the world, was rather a blessing than a curse. He had recently learned to despise the friendship of that world in which he had moved till then, and found a consolation in despising it; while he learned, for the first time, to estimate, in all its purity, the
sweetness

sweetness of that attachment which has been happily termed "the friendship of marriage." At the present moment *all* was changed; a life of active and useful exertion, improving prospects, agreeable though confined society, were all cut off, or suspended by this cruel confinement; and though it took place at a period of the year when the country afforded the fewest inducements for regret, yet the gloom of the season added to that of the mind; and sir Edward continually declared, "that at any other time of the year, he should not have minded it at all."

When he was able to leave his chamber, Griselda fondly hoped that the society of Miss Templeman, or the prattle of little Charles, would tend to amuse him; but the sight of the child only increased that extreme solicitude to become himself a father, which in the beginning of his illness had affected his mind so strongly; and his anxiety for her welfare on that account again led him to adopt a line of conduct, in

fact, most calculated to injure her, as he was perpetually finding fault with every movement of hers, not in unison with his *own* ideas of care and propriety. Having no other immediate object of interest, and being confined to subjects of observation near him, every thing connected with his ruling passion engrossed his thoughts; and, unfortunately, the asperities arising from the pain and helplessness of his situation, mixed in them all. Her food, her cloathing, her exercise, her stillness, her fondness for amusement, or her neglect of it, were all by turns the subject of unkind remark, tiresome declamation, or tyrannic command; and though she bore this wearisome discipline with a patience that astonished all around her, and even with a degree of cheerfulness that outwent expectation, yet it was impossible for her not to feel, that the sickness of heart she had once experienced from his cruel indifference, was less tormenting than the intolerable persecution she now sustained from his
care :

care: and she could not help acknowledging a truth to her own heart, which two years before she would have denied, viz. "that a worthy man may make the woman that he loves, and by whom he is beloved, extremely uncomfortable, without breaking one marriage vow, or one law of society."

This conduct of sir Edward's was the more painful to Griselda, because his general manners had been distinguished for their courtesy and kindness; and the presence of Miss Templeman was now extremely painful to her, because she could not bear that any one should think worse of sir Edward than they were wont to do, or worse than *she* thought he still merited: ready to impute every failing in his temper to the painfulness of his disorder, she was extremely hurt when she found that those around her could *not* do the same; and she often wished she could shut herself up in a hermitage with him, and bear those ill humours without a witness, which would injure him in their eyes whose esteem she

wished him to possess. At some times she hoped, that with that health and ease which she expected would return with spring, his good humour and vivacity would return also ; and on this hope she endeavoured to repose, as the prop that could alone sustain her wounded spirits. Sometimes, however, this failed her ; and she was ready to think that nothing less than a real loss of affection for her, could induce such an alteration in the baronet's manners ; conscious that no personal suffering could induce *her* to forget so entirely the comforts of those to whom she was attached, she began to doubt the possibility of such an operation, upon a mind she had ever been accustomed to deem stronger than her own. These heart-breaking conclusions would not have arisen in her mind, had she *known* what was at this period the prevailing bias of her husband's ; but sir Edward, conscious of the faulty excess in which he indulged one darling contemplation, studiously avoided acknowledging his motive—thus rendering
that

that care which would have been flattering and dear, *even* in its error, when *understood*, a torment apparently as devoid of cause as of use, and more calculated to destroy than to support her.

This melancholy winter was indeed the most trying Griselda ever had sustained. She suffered much from ailments which admitted relief, but which she dared not own, as, if mentioned, sir Edward would not fail to impute them to her carelessness, and consider her misfortune as her fault. If afraid of cold, or desirous of sharing his solitude, she remained in the house, his desire of procuring her exercise induced him to force her out of it, by attributing her stay to indolence or affectation; and in her carriage she thankfully indulged those tears she dared not shed in the house, and in humble supplication lifted up her heart to him who seeth in secret, for strength to endure this new species of affliction, and for that bodily and spiritual health which might restore her suffering husband.

husband to her and to himself. From these devout exercises her mind returned composed and refreshed, and her face indicated the benefit received, which rendered the baronet more anxious for her to go out frequently; sometimes he proposed her taking the child, but he never offered Emily, generally engaging her at chess or backgammon, which lady Langdale was not sorry for, as she could not have declined her company, and yet would have found it some restraint upon the motions of her oppressed, and frequently agonized heart.

After a while, she could not help observing, that, although on her entering the house sir Edward's voice met her ear in loud or playful conversation, the moment she appeared, his countenance became clouded, and his conversation dropped; he would eye her with a serious and penetrating look, and inquire where she had been, the place she had gone, or the length of her ride; and never failed to
make

make some observation indicative of discontent or displeasure. His chess-table was hastily discarded, his backgammon-board in the very moment of victory shut up, and employment and pleasure abandoned, as if the genius of discord had entered, and banished harmony from the scene. This gave a pang beyond even the language of reproach; and sensible she was unequal to endure the agony that seemed on the point of entering her heart, she struggled to repel it by every means in her power, conscious that she was utterly unequal to bear it; and that jealousy, at all times the mother of misery, must, in the present state of her lacerated heart, be positive distraction.

Yet, who that has tasted of that poisoned chalice, seeks not to drink the draught that consumes him? It is indeed "a monster that makes the meat it feeds on;" and in spite of her resolution to avoid conviction, Griselda sought it in a thousand ways; she found it however only in this, that sir Ed-

ward was always least amiable when she was present; that she alone, of all who approached him, awoke his irritability the soonest, and appeased it with the greatest difficulty; that her very presence imposed a species of bondage upon him; and yet her absence beyond the express time he had appointed never failed to awaken his anger, and call forth those expressions of passion and disgust so painful and so unmerited.

Griselda began now to fear that she was become an object of aversion to her husband; and that either the fickleness of his nature, personal disgust, excited by her present appearance, or some latent disorder affecting his brain, had led to an evil from which her heart shrunk as the most dreadful heaven could inflict, or love sustain. "Had his mind been led from the extraordinary beauty of this lovely young creature, who is ever before his eyes, to a temporary desertion of me, now I am so very different," said she mentally, "I think I could have borne it; but to be at once the subject of his

his

his thoughts, and the object of his hatred, is more than I *can* bear. Would that I had never tasted the sweetness of being beloved ! never basked in that short sunshine of delight, which I but tasted in a delusive dream !

‘ That I might more intensely know

The bitterness of waking woe.’

For now the power with which I once sustained suffering is gone ; hope and love have enervated my mind by a transitory enjoyment of their promises and their blessings ; and henceforward the cup of sensibility will be filled only by the hand of despair.”

Under these bitter reflections, she was no longer able to preserve that appearance of cheerfulness her persevering patience and religious fortitude had hitherto enabled her to preserve ; and with her resolution, her health rapidly declined ; her appetite had been always bad, but she had struggled with herself in this respect successfully,
and

and had taken, however unpleasantly, a sufficiency of food ; this she did no longer, for the spirit of struggling was fled, and a quiet resignation, that looked like apathy, succeeded to it, from which she was sometimes roused by reproof, which stung her for a moment, but left no lasting impression ; and she often thought she was like Miss Williams in Roderic Random, who says, " I frequently was made to labour till I fainted, and restored to life by the stripes of my employer."

Spring was now advancing, and sir Edward began to find all the benefit from it that he expected or hoped ; and ten warm successive days in the beginning of March did more for his restoration than all the materia medica had been able to effect. This happy change produced its natural influence: the baronet rejoiced in his new powers, and his spleen vanished before them ; he walked from room to room, ventured out on the terrace, found his vigour restored with the means of obtaining

ing

ing it; and after taking several short rides in the park, at length resolved to surprise his neighbour colonel White with a visit—a respect it was his duty to show, as the colonel, though much an invalid himself during the winter months, had shewn *him* every possible attention during the whole of his tedious confinement.

On arriving at the colonel's, he was hailed with sincere pleasure by all the family, who congratulated him on his resurrection, as they termed it, with the most cordial friendship: on entering the sitting-room, he was introduced to a Mr. Danby, a young gentleman of pleasing appearance, who was likewise a neighbour, but who had resided principally in London during the period sir Edward had inhabited the Grange, and was now paying his respects to the family, in consequence of his late arrival from the metropolis.

In the course of conversation, he informed them that the dashing Mr. Glover had already terminated his splendid, but
short

short career, being completely done up, and tied by his father (who had been forced to take upon himself the settlement of his finances) to an income of four hundred a-year, to which Mr. Glynn had reluctantly added one hundred and twenty, which he considered the interest of his daughter's fortune; that the young couple had retired into Wales, rather to hide their shame than endure their solitude, having taken with them not one taste or disposition that could soften the asperity of reflection, or animate the aspect of ennui. "Thus," added he, "poor Hartop is revenged, even before he could have wished it."

"He *never* wished it, Mr. Danby; he is incapable of wishing it," said Louisa, colouring and retiring.

"So much for Louisa," said the colonel; "her cat is soon let out of the bag."

Mr. Danby smiled, as did sir Edward; and both expressed great pleasure that so worthy a man was likely to be so admirably consoled.

"Why,

"Why, ah," said the colonel drily, " 'tis a pleasant affair to both her mother and me, that's the truth; for such a man as Hartop is not found every day, to take one's plagues off one's hands."

"Many men may be found," said the baronet, "to take such *plagues* as yours off hand, colonel, I am certain; for they are very fine girls; indeed—such as cannot be found every day."

"Aye, aye, you flatter to please the mother there.—By the way, Danby, I suppose old lord Mippenden is not a little pleased that *your* lady is in the family way; pray make my compliments to him, and tell him, I find he got his new wig just in time to make him look like a decent grandfather."

"The old nobleman is undoubtedly much rejoiced at the circumstance," said Mr. Danby; "but my poor Sophia is so often indisposed, that it throws a considerable damp both over his spirits and my own."

"A fiddle-

“ A fiddlestick for ye both then, say I ; how is the poor woman’s spirits to be kept up, if yours sink ? Take my advice, never *doctor* her, or *advise* her, or plague her in any way ; but keep her always in good humour, and, if possible, merry. If she has maggots, bear with them ; the best of women are captious at these times : if she is *sad*, sooth her ; the liveliest of ’em all have their megrims and their fears *then*—no wonder, poor devils ! but never, *never* contradict or thwart her, or preach to her, or say one cross word to her, on any account. Here sit I, Hugh White, as cross and self-willed an old fellow as any in the county of York, but my Sally there will do me the justice to say, that I put all my humours into my pocket on occasions of this kind ; didn’t I, Mrs. White, hey ? ”

“ Indeed, my dear, you *did* : I should be very ungrateful if I could for a moment forget the unwearied tenderness with which you amused me at some times, and nursed me at others.”

“ Well,

"Well, goose, you needn't cry; you have made me the happy father of nine as fine children as any in his majesty's dominions. Danby there knows 'em all.—Ah, sir Edward, I wish you could see the three fine lads I have now in Portugal, fighting their country's battles! they would never have been the men they are, sir, if I had been the ill-tempered tyke I am now. My poor Hal, too—where would you see such a boy as Hal? tall as a poplar, straight as a reed, with an eye, sir, an eye"—here the colonel's own eyes filled to overflowing.—"Pshaw!—he is gone, to be sure; but he fell nobly—he was, you know, Danby—he was—"

"I *do* know!" said Mr. Danby, in great emotion.

The colonel reckoned on more philosophy than he had; for he was obliged to retire, overwhelmed with grief, which was ennobled by its object. Mrs. White had already left the room; and Mr. Danby took the opportunity, when his own feelings permitted

permitted him, of informing sir Edward, that the worthy and amiable young man alluded to had been his particular friend, was the colonel's second son, and bravely fell about three years before, in making a successful sortie against the French in the West India islands.

As he ceased to speak, some of the young ladies re-entered the room, and pressed both the gentlemen to stay dinner. Mr. Danby was pre-engaged, and the baronet wished to return; but he could not bring himself to refuse, at a time when he thought his presence might sooth and restore the spirits of the good colonel; he therefore consented, on condition that Tom should return to the Grange, and inform lady Langdale of his intention, which was accordingly done.

During the former part of the colonel's conversation, although entirely addressed to Mr. Danby, and apparently the spontaneous advice an old man feels a right to give to one whom he has known a boy, yet

sir

sir Edward, who felt in every word that "his withers were wrung," had all the inclination in the world to feel exceedingly offended also; and was every moment on the point of interrupting, by some of those sharp taunts, or impatient sallies, he was accustomed to venting at home; but the moment when Mrs. White's glistening eyes met his, as she turned their "humid beams," with grateful fondness towards her husband, his heart relaxed, and his conscience smote him; such looks *he* had often received, but not of late; and though he endeavoured to support himself with the assurance that his wife could have nothing to complain of, since there was no period of his life in which he had loved her so much, or been half so interested for her, yet he was obliged to confess, there had never been one in which he had appeared so unamiable in himself, or so unkind towards her.

When Mr. Danby rose to depart, the colonel re-appeared, and took leave of him with his usual urbane bluntness; but the
chord

chord that had been touched continued to vibrate, though not unpleasantly, for the rest of the day. The tone of pensive feeling which, at these moments of awakened sensibility, pervades the conversation of a family party, never fails to draw the chords of affection still more closely, and display, in numberless petty attentions, how dear each is to the other: every daughter had something to recommend to the parent she sat nearest; and the parents themselves felt how inexpressibly dear and necessary each was to the other, and by many a tender look evinced their sympathy and their solicitude. The same benignant feeling extended itself to their guest; and every parental and sisterly attention was shewn him, which could awaken general feelings of benevolence, or particular sensations of domestic attachment; and sir Edward never felt the superiority of one good neighbour over a multitude of visitants, so decidedly as on this day: he felt too the blessings of liberty and health,
of

of life renewed, and its best blessings realized; and his heart expanded with gratitude to God, and goodwill towards his creatures.

After the cloth was removed, Mrs. White made many kind inquiries after little Charles Barnet, and particularly respecting his accident, which she considered the first cause of all sir Edward's sufferings. Louisa opposed this, saying, sir Edward's own carelessness was doubtless the reason; while Milisant expressed an opinion, that the baronet would have got over both his immersion and its effects, if he had not sprained his ankle, and been exposed to the rain in consequence.

"No matter," said the colonel, resuming somewhat of his usual style; "all we know of the matter now is, that most probably the rogue was born to be hanged, since 'tis plain water wont drown him; but we know there's grace enough in him to be worth saving, since Providence itself
sent

sent an angel to his succour; for surely, if ever man was snatched from destruction by his wife, he was that very night."

Every one present united in the sentiment, except the baronet, who remained silent; but it was not the silence of stupidity.

"I warrant, you have been ready to eat the gipsy ever since," continued the colonel.

"I have been very ill ever since, till within a few days," said the baronet.

"Ah, very true; she's had a pretty life with you, more the pity; worse than even Sally has with me; but have a good heart; life is before you, and it may be possible to make her amends for all: come, let us drink her health; 'tis a toast that would do honour to an emperor."

Sir Edward smiled, but it was the smile of the lips only; for though his heart was softened by the "sweetest charities of life," it was attuned only to feelings of sadness; and

and he soon after arose to depart, pleading the necessity of early hours to an invalid, which of course was admitted.

When sir Edward was seated in his own carriage, and left to his own contemplations, he found it impossible to escape from a crowd of memorials which had been collecting the whole day, and now presented themselves before him, in a manner rather new than agreeable. They informed him, in despite of every subterfuge, that he had been guilty of a species of infidelity towards his wife, which had produced effects as painful to her as any other could possibly have done, since it had wounded her feelings, injured her constitution, and destroyed that confidence and communion which the softness of her nature, and her unlimited affection for him, had made necessary to her very existence; that, by indulging to a fatal excess his desire of promoting the welfare of an unborn child, without owning the weakness, he had injured a being that ought to have been

infinitely dearer, thus raising a vice from the very bosom of a virtue. He remembered how often he had made her feel, that

“ Hard unkindness’ alter’d eye

Can mock the tear it forc’d to flow;”

and although he endeavoured to shelter himself under the plea of indisposition, which soured his temper and irritated his nerves, yet he well knew that a spice of that impetuosity which once drove him to the gambling-table, that pride which spurned restraint, and that selfishness which seeks ease at any expence, had been again hurrying him, though in a new direction, into errors, which, though infinitely less destructive to his character and his fortune than former ones, were equally unworthy of him, and equally inimical to the happiness of *her* whom he now loved faithfully, and to whose society he was devoted. The generosity of his nature abhorred the abuse of power he saw himself guilty of, and his compassion revolted at
the

the remembrance of his own cruelty. From such a picture of himself he again sought refuge in his sufferings, which, great as they had certainly been, he endeavoured to magnify; but he rejoiced much to find his carriage stop at his own door, glad to find a refuge from such disagreeable reflections in the company of her who alone could sooth him into forgetfulness, either of his errors or his misfortunes.

CHAP. II.

WHEN Griselda heard sir Edward's carriage approach the house, she felt her heart sink, as if some unexpected sorrow had been suddenly announced. Vexed at the emotion, and fearful that her countenance should betray the feeling she sought not

only to hide, but to annihilate, she hastily withdrew to her dressing-room, and endeavoured first to repel, and afterwards to scrutinize, the sensation. Shocked at what she deemed a breach of duty, however involuntary, she strictly catechised her heart, and struggled with the impulse that surprised and wounded her. "Is it possible," exclaimed she, "that I who have loved so truly and so fondly many a year, who, for this man, opposed the voice of prudence, the counsels of friendship, and that reputation for virtue which the heart too often prizes above virtue itself, now shrink from enduring a petty trial of my love, a trifling sacrifice of my comforts? Shall I, who threw praise, fortune, friendship, at his feet, who courted him when I was spurned, followed him when I was deserted, and sought returning life only as the means of blessedness to *him*, desert the feeling which has long absorbed me, and the virtue I have lived only to cherish? Whence springs this trembling coldness, which chills my
very

very heart, and paralyzes my actions? Are all my boasted energies, my forbearance, and long-suffering, fled? Am I at once lost to the affections of a wife, and the resignation of a Christian?"

Tears, *bitter* tears, coursed down the pale cheeks of Griselda as she uttered these words; her spirit was broken, and reason ceased to operate; but that still diviner principle that guides where reason halts, was ever her leading star. Falling on her knees, with uplifted hands, but lips without a sound, her heart poured forth its sorrows to Him who "readeth the thoughts afar off," whose consoling voice can rebuke the waves of rising grief, and bid the trembling, aching heart find refuge in its God.

While she was thus employed, sir Edward had entered the dining-room, and asked Miss Templeman what had become of lady Langdale? adding, "She had so generally met him at the door or in the passage, on his return from his short rides, that not to

see her after a long one, excited a little alarm."

"You were so angry yesterday, if you recollect, sir, that probably lady Langdale thought it wrong to meet you to-night in the passage."

"I was afraid of her taking cold yesterday, and when I came in I was not right, I remember, in some way; perhaps my rheumatism was returning."

"You complained of being overdone with heat."

"Ah, well, there was *something*; the weather is come in very hot for the season; but I will seek—"

"Permit *me* to seek her," said Emily, rising.

"No; I will go myself. I have a pleasure in using my limbs, now I have regained them, I never knew before.—I will go to her dressing-room."

As sir Edward ascended, it struck him that it could be only devotion which kept Griselda from him; for such had been her
unceasing

unceasing watchfulness, the alacrity of her attentions, and the quickness of her obedience, during this long season of trial, that it scarcely ever occurred to him to want a service which was not supplied almost before it was expressed. Under this idea, he trod softly towards her apartment, and soon found he had not been deceived in his conclusions: broken sighs and half-uttered expressions met his ear, that indicated a suffering heart, struggling to conquer grief, or seeking to assuage it; and the existence of that grief again told him he had been the cause of it. A disjointed sentence or two caught his ear: they petitioned “ *patience* for herself, and multiplied blessings on *his* head.” The baronet heard no more: awe-struck and heart-wounded, he withdrew; and taking a book as an excuse for not speaking, slowly returned to the sitting room.

In a few minutes, Griselda entered, and inquired tenderly after his health, congratulating him on the ability he had evinced

of again spending a day with his friends. She spoke in that hesitating voice natural to those who are fearful of being interrupted by unkindness ; but as the baronet heard her with attention, and answered with good humour, her courage increased, and she became once more able to converse. Her amiable young friend, rejoiced by the improvement visible in both her friends, exerted herself more than she was wont ; and the evening once more was illumined by the spirit of cheerfulness. Sir Edward spoke with great pleasure of the day he had spent at the colonel's, recapitulated the sad fate of Mrs. Glover, and the good fortune Louisa White was likely to enjoy, in consequence of her folly, in preferring an idle man of fashion to a country gentleman of real worth. He went on to mention Mr. Danby, and the pleasure he should take in his acquaintance, regretting he had seen so little of him.

“ Did he not dine with you ? ”

“ Oh no ; it appears his lady is in the
same

same situation with you, and does not like to part with him much; so he was a better boy than me; for though it was a long ride, he returned home to dinner."

A faint blush rose to Griselda's cheek at these words, and innocent as she was of voluntary want of affection, she again reproached herself for having felt a different sensation; fearful that her thoughts should in this instance be read, she hastily said,

"Has Mr. Danby been married long?"

"I fancy not; this is his first child, I know; for the colonel read him a lecture, as long as a homily, on the necessity of keeping his wife in peace and good humour, if he meant to be blessed with a thriving heir."

This was an unfortunate piece of information; it appeared at once to solve the enigma of sir Edward's altered manners. All those fears respecting his love, which, after a long season of accumulation, the last two hours had appeared so sweetly to disperse, rose again to her appalled and afflicted

mind, and told her that either pity or policy alone dictated the alteration in his manners, and that the affection due to her tenderness as a wife, was merely the vehicle of preservation as a mother. Her heart revolted from the unnatural division; and the kindness received on such terms was worse than the cruelty which had preceded it. Conscious, however, that a mind so long weakened by mental pressure and personal suffering, might be subject to conclusions in which the nervous system was as much concerned as the reasoning faculties, she struggled to suppress her feelings, and wisely determined, as far as was in her power, to suspend her judgment, and accept the present blessing of restored peace, without weighing too nicely the causes which had produced it. Happy would it be for many wives, if they had the prudence to follow her example.

The following morning, several of those people employed by Sir Edward, as the bailiff and overlooker of the colliery, hearing

ing he had been out a-visiting, thought he would be able now to converse with them, and look over their accounts. Having expressed their wishes, the baronet ordered their accounts to be sent in, saying he would look *them* over first, and see the writers afterwards.

Tom returned with two or three well-thumbed account-books, and a whole parcel of dirty bits of paper, yclept "bills."

"What a business is here!" cried his master, in amaze. "What a pack of filthy scraps have you brought me! What orthography too! If ever I make out these, I may defy a conjuror to puzzle me."

"Your honour was never over and above fond a bills, and these are none o' the handsomest, to be zure," said Tom, withdrawing.

"Can I assist you, sir Edward?" said Griselda.

"No; I think I shall manage them in time, though, as Tom says, I was never partial to bills; but as I find my senses

quicken remarkably in looking over accounts, since I found myself on the right side of them, I doubt not but I shall find some way, as Smith calls it, to spelder them out; for he says he has got a pretty snip of money that has been gathering since Christmas."

Griselda rose.

"You have no occasion to leave the room; you will be no interruption to me."

"But *I* have accounts to settle too; and *my* time is very precious."

There was a pensive solemnity in the tone with which these words were uttered, which struck sir Edward, and he looked earnestly in her face: there was nothing particular in its expression; but its paleness seconded the impression made upon his mind. "Does she mean eternal accounts?" said he, and an ice-bolt seemed to strike upon his heart.

"Do not *leave* me, Griselda," said he, softly.

Griselda obeyed.

"I want

"I want you," said he, repelling as much as possible the feeling which oppressed him; "I want you to examine these papers—I find I cannot. I cannot, my dear, do without you—you see I cannot."

Griselda laid her hand upon the papers.

"Pshaw! never mind the bills. Are you well this morning?—I fear not—you slept ill, I doubt."

"I am much as usual."

"I have lost her heart for ever," said the baronet internally, pushing the books and papers from him, and laying his head upon the table.

Alarmed at the action, Griselda inquired if he was ill, and expressed great fear that his rheumatic pains were returning; the tone of her voice recalled him to his senses.

"Ah," said he, "she may well fear what has cost her so much trouble." With a deep sigh he raised his head, and assured her he had no return of his complaint.

"Thank God!" said Griselda, devoutly.

Her

Her gratitude for his deliverance restored him partly to himself. "I will," said he, "look over the bills in half an hour."

"In that half hour, then, I will settle with my housekeeper, give my finishing orders to the gardener, and contrive what must be done about Clarkson's lame child."

"My dear Griselda, let us finish what is before us," said the baronet, cheerfully.

A little disappointed, Griselda again sat down, and went through her office of secretary with equal patience and dispatch, the baronet's heart being, in fact, too busy for the employment he had undertaken. He was unable, for the first time in his life, to understand the heart of Griselda; yet it had never felt of equal importance to him to read its every movement. One moment he reproached himself with having lost her affections; the next he reproached *her* for not returning his love. Sorrow and anger alternately rose to his lips; but the moment he looked at her, he remem-

remembered the colonel's advice, and happily checked himself. This was the first lesson of self-command he had ever taken, but it was a very happy one for both himself and Griselda; it showed him in how many instances, in even a single day, sorrow and guilt may be avoided, by the restraint of an unguarded conclusion or an irritating expression; and to his lady it gave a species of rest, which acted as a restorative to her debilitated frame and exhausted sensibility.

This happy calm was not less grateful to the amiable girl, whose misfortune it had been to reside with them during a period in which her prudence and her fortitude had been most severely tried. Unconscious of the ruling passion of sir Edward's breast, she had conceived that something had occurred during his journey, which had been still more fatal to his mind than his person; and all the sad allusions to his infidelity, once whispered in her ear, recurred with their fullest force. The strict undeviating propriety

propriety of his manners towards herself, forbade her to feel the shadow of fear on her own account; but unskilled in the mazes of the human heart, she imputed every harsh expression used towards his wife to feelings of unkindness towards her; and perhaps *her* sense of them, which was often shewn in her speaking eye, led Griselda sooner to make the same conclusion, than, with her superior knowledge of the human heart, she was likely to have done. Thus the society calculated for mutual happiness became inimical to that happiness, since, in every close circle, confidence should be unbounded, in order to be beneficial.

In the course of a short time, Griselda dismissed her fears, and flattered herself that she had been more indebted to the rheumatism for the ill humour of her husband, than any other cause, near or remote. Her ingenuous countenance gave earnest of restored peace, and the baronet hailed its expression as the harbinger of all his hopes.

hopes. The task of self-controul which he had imposed upon himself was no longer a burden, for his renewed employments had restored his strength and solaced his spirits; and though he was still passionate, he ceased to be peevish: every day witnessed some proof of his powers of self-controul; yet every day gave proof likewise that his habits had been those of unbridled impetuosity, which would not easily yield to the restraints of his better judgment. Perhaps it will be always found, that where sickness does not humble the soul, in a religious sense, or meliorate the passions, it will ever be found to have a tendency directly to the contrary. Minds are differently impressed by the same circumstance; and the same mind is found yielding at one period, where it is invincible in another. Perhaps had sir Edward met with this trial when he was humbled under a sense of his guilt and folly, he might have bent beneath it, as the chastisement of Heaven; but as it arose from circumstances connected with his

his best propensities, it was regarded as a hardship, or, at best, resolved into a concurrence of unlucky incidents, and combined, with the other ardent workings of his fertile imagination, to awaken irascibility which it ought to have suppressed, and to feed the passion it appeared calculated to subdue.

About a fortnight after he had met Mr. Danby at colonel White's, he was one morning agreeably surprised by a visit from that gentleman, who claimed thanks for having waved ceremony in visiting him first, though he confessed it was with the intention of begging sir Edward to make one of a small party at his house the following week.

The baronet thanked him most cordially for both these proofs of kindness, but told him, jestingly, that he was so determined to profit by their mutual friend's advice, that, for a few weeks to come, he should make lady Langdale the sole arbitress of all his movements.

" Then

"Then your arbitress," said Griselda, laughing, "decrees you to visit Mr. Danby."

"But I must be allowed a Spartan '*if*' in this case," said the baronet; "I am yet privileged as an invalid myself, and I—"

"I forbid both the *if* and the *and*; you have promised obedience, and though I perceive it does not sit easy upon you, for want of habit, yet I hope, with lady Langdale's assistance, to make you wear the trammels, whether they suit you or not. I trust, when you are able to show *her* the way to the Priory, you will find the task less difficult."

Sir Edward assured him that he should have great pleasure in visiting the Priory, but—

"I bar *but*, and every other laconism; for as I am deputed to bring you thither, for the express purpose of drawing you into two scrapes, of all other words in a gentleman's vocabulary, I have the most decisive right to object to *if* and *but*."

Sir Edward begged him to explain.

"You

"You must know, baronet, that the corps of yeomanry cavalry in this wapentake have been waiting your recovery ever since Christmas, in order that they might have an opportunity of begging you to become their colonel, and a few of the officers intend meeting you at my house, to solicit you for that purpose. I think it best to mention the affair *now*, for although I flatter myself you will not refuse them, yet I do not wish you to be led to give a hasty assent. I will confess myself much interested in the business; for as they have done me the honour some time ago to choose me for their major, I have been anxious, ever since the death of colonel lord John Spencer, to know whom I should have for my superior. They are as respectable a corps as any in his majesty's dominions, sir Edward; but I promised not to press you, so I will say nothing if I can help it. I am too young to offer advice, but my wishes run away with me."

"Your are very good, Mr. Danby. I
will

will think of it. I am very glad I was not taken by surprise: there are reasons why I ought to decline the honour of these gentlemen's confidence."

The batonet's colour came and went—he felt embarrassed—he felt the sting of poverty, as it affected his consequence in the county; and, according to his custom in every moment of distress, he looked to his wife: the calm dignity of her countenance re-assured him, and the remembrance of mortgaged estates and narrow income passed away; and he rallied his spirits by calling on her for a decision, seeing she had already given one so agreeable to his wishes.

"I would have you accept the command, by all means," said Griselda. "The inhabitants of the Grange never shrank from any means of evincing good will to the country, consistent with their fortune; and I am sure, my dear, *you* are the last man in the world who would fail in any *consistent* proof of your good will to the cause.

cause. We Yorkshire people are too reasonable to wish for more."

"A Daniel! a very Daniel!" cried Danby, exultingly.

"There is a conspiracy between you, I perceive," said the baronet; "so pray let me know the extent of your plots. I think you mentioned *two* scrapes it was your intention to draw me into."

"In mentioning the other, I am sadly afraid my coadjutrix will forsake me. Many ladies are fond of the 'pomp and circumstance of war,' who would resist most womanfully all advances towards my second plea; and I should not venture this, however and by whomsoever supported, if my venerable father-in-law, lord Mippenden, had not obliged me to promise that I would leave no means untried that could induce you to ease him, by sharing his toils of government in the commission of the peace. Now, my lady, have you not one word to say in behalf of making the baronet a country justice?"

"I have

"I have a *thousand*, sir : if there is one subject, above all others, on which I could descant with volubility, it is on the *utility* of such a situation ; and surely, in proportion as we increase our powers of benefiting society, we increase our happiness in that society ; besides, sir Edward, as a man whose influence is daily increasing, as his neighbourhood is daily enlarging, ought, if possible, to render himself more eminently useful. Believe me, sir, the high regard I shall feel for the *justice* will be still more *dear* to me than my admiration for the *colonel*."

"Oh, wonderful young judge, how I do honour thee !" said Danby, waving his hand in heroic triumph.

"Upon my word, you carry every thing in high style together ; but I must think on both these subjects before next Thursday ; and then, as you say, if nothing happens to prevent me, I will dine with you, Mr. Danby, and explain my sentiments to the gentlemen in question."

Although

Although sir Edward appeared to receive these overtures of respect with some degree of *sang froid*, his heart acknowledged their value, and he felt, in its fullest extent, the difference between being an idle or mischievous member of society, and an active and worthy one; and he found that a small fortune, well employed in the country, may give consequence and popularity, which cannot be attained in the metropolis, by even the most profuse squanderer, or the most ingenious deviser of fashionable extravagance.

The conversation turning on general topics, they had an opportunity of hearing that Mrs. Maclan had been received in town with all the attention due to a bride who has a large fortune to spend, and a pretty face to make that fortune fashionable; but they were sorry to learn that her extreme affectation had disgusted some of the more valuable part of her acquaintance; and a still remaining taste for flirtation induced the less amiable to make reflections on her
which

which she had not merited, although her passion for general admiration had certainly led her to exhibit her person too much, and affect too much levity in her manners. They learned, too, that the countess of Castlehowel had, from a run of bad luck, been driven to resources which had ruined the little reputation she had left, and that she was at length driven to take refuge in her lord's Irish castle, from which it was not likely she should again emerge. Inquiries after other acquaintance in the fashionable world produced similar answers; and sir Edward felt like a man who, having escaped from shipwreck, looked back with pity on the scene behind him, and, thankful for life, forgot what he had lost in the general ruin.

At length captain Seymour was mentioned: his name formed a happy exception to the rest; for, though not personally known to Mr. Danby, he had heard him spoken of with universal respect. The glow on Miss Templeman's cheek might

have informed Mr. Danby how precious his praise was to her heart, but as he had no knowledge of either party, it passed unobserved by him; but sir Edward maliciously heightened it by an arch smile, which told her how innocently she had betrayed herself.

When their pleasant guest had taken his leave, sir Edward entered on a thousand arrangements and preparations for his new employments, which showed how well they were calculated to employ and engage a mind naturally vigorous, enterprising, active, and munificent; but the consciousness of the pleasure he took in these pursuits gave him a desire to hide it, lest he should seem to be carried away by the novelty of the situation, rather than impressed by its necessity; he therefore affected a coolness he could not feel, for coolness was unnatural in one so generally swayed by impulse; and he sometimes pretended to grumble at the expence and trouble he must inevitably incur. Griselda humoured
this

this peculiarity, by *intreating* him to accept the situations he was so well calculated to fill. She brought a thousand good arguments to prove it was his duty, and was shocked at the deficiency of his patriotism, at one moment, and his ill-timed economy, at another. This show of resistance continued, till the time nearly expired when his final answer must be given ; the baronet then yielded to arguments which he felt to be irresistible, for they were precisely what his own judgment and inclination equally dictated.

On the eventful Thursday on which his first visit to Mr. Danby was to take place, Griselda appeared so very unwell, that he declared, during breakfast, he would send an apology to Mr. Danby, instead of visiting him. The moment the idea was mentioned, Griselda opposed it, with a vehemence of look and language altogether so unusual to her, that both Miss Templeman and the baronet gazed at each other with marks of surprise ; and the astonished

husband, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Well, Griselda, you have at last made good the colonel's words, (which I never expected *you* would,) when he said, 'they are all, aye, the *best* of 'em, captious at *these* times;' for you certainly have adopted an intonation, as Thelwall calls it, far more loud and rapid than the occasion claims."

"I don't mind what you *think* of me or *say* of me; vixen or not, I will let you have no peace till I see you set out for the Priory; and as it is a long way, and you will have a good deal to do before dinner, for you know you promised to go over the grounds, I think I will order the horses directly." So saying, she rang the bell, and told Tom not to lose a moment.

"Griselda, my dear, I really don't understand you."

"Then *obey* without understanding me; 'tis what thousands of women do every day. You promised to be governed by me for a time, and that time grows short;

so get along ; good bye !—Move off, like an obedient subject—good bye !”

There was a mixture of playfulness and earnestness in this address which puzzled the baronet ; but as he concluded she must feel herself better, or she would not have jested so much, and as he was really desirous of visiting Mr. Danby, and meeting the officers of his intended corps, he took her at her word, jumped into the carriage, and was, to her great satisfaction, quickly out of sight. But, gratified as she was with his departure, Griselda's conscience did not reproach her with desiring his absence at *this* period, but, on the contrary, felicitated her on that generosity which could prefer his comfort to every selfish consideration.

The day passed very pleasantly at Mr. Danby's, for every person in the party was prepossessed in favour of sir Edward. For his lady, an hereditary respect prevailed, which threw a lustre on all connected with her ; and now they had once considered him

as a husband worthy of *her*, their admiration of his person and talents was thrown into the scale, and rendered him at once an object of their admiration and esteem. Most of them already knew and visited him as a neighbour, but there were several, whose houses laying too far distant for a winter intercourse (at which season he had arrived in the neighbourhood), had not yet had the pleasure of meeting him. To these, his society, which united the graces of polished manners with the acuteness of a strong and comprehensive mind, whose opinions were delivered in eloquent and energetic language, was a high treat; and they lamented to their friends how much they had lost, in not becoming sooner acquainted with a man of such varied and interesting powers. The wiser among these companions, while they congratulated themselves on their powers of distinguishing his talents, whispered to themselves a fact, that sir Edward's knowledge was considerably increased since he came into the country;

country ; for having read much, and to the best purpose, he had; during that short period, embraced a circle of knowledge, surprising even to himself; and though it was impossible for the ladies to find him more charming, yet it was beyond a doubt that the gentlemen found him more intelligent than ever.

Of lady Sophia Danby, the baronet saw but little ; it served; however, to convince him that she was a woman of elegant mind and agreeable manners, and well calculated to make a very comfortable acquaintance with his lady. And although Mr. Danby's establishment was on that footing of superior elegance it was no longer in his power to command, yet these honours were borne so meekly on the part of the young couple, and so much deference paid to his rank and talents, that he was convinced an acquaintance at the Grange, on an intimate footing, would be deemed a most valuable acquisition by them both. Nor was his friendship less courted by lord Mippenden,

the father of lady Sophia ; so that, upon the whole, sir Edward found himself as much gratified by the whole circle, as pleased with some favourite individuals of it. Yet not unmindful of her who, he was persuaded, was not less anxious to receive him home than she had been solicitous for his departure, he bade them good-bye at an early hour ; and as both the driver and his horses were well refreshed at the Priory, and the night was favoured by an unclouded moon, he found himself shortly entering the park which contained his happy home and his invaluable partner.

CHAP. III.

"Hurra, your honour ! hurra !" cried the bailiff, as the carriage drove towards the gates ;

gates; "hurra! Glorious news for your honour!"

"What have you heard, my good fellow?"

"Heard, your honour! Why my leady's got a fine lad as ever sun shone on, that's all."

Sir Edward sprung forward; then threw himself back, unable to move. His heart throbbed with violence—he could not breathe.

Tom opened the carriage door, and began a congratulation at once so feeling and so uncouth, reverting to past sorrows, while it spoke of present pleasures, that the tide of overwhelming joy was somewhat checked. Sir Edward seized the rough hand of his honest participator of every sensation, and wrung it with a fervour which bespoke his own emotions; then springing forward, still speechless, he ran into the house. Gilbert, who had heard the carriage, went down immediately: he met her at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, Gilbert! how is your lady?"

"She is quite *brave*, thank God, sir; and your son, sir, is as fine a child as—"

"Oh God, I *thank thee!*" said the baronet; and the warm tears gushed into his eyes.

In a few minutes, sir Edward found himself by the bedside of his Griselda, and heard her, in a weak voice, congratulate herself and him on the interesting event: that moment so anxiously expected and so earnestly desired, was at length arrived, when he could call himself a father; yet it astonished him as though it had been unexpected; the novelty of his sensations surprised, whilst they delighted him: 'twas a delirium of feeling, and he sighed lest it should vanish like a dream. His eyes were bent upon his wife, as if to secure the vision by the intensity of the gaze.

Griselda smiled at his surprise, and began to tell him that she had sent him out of the way on purpose; but Gilbert forbade conversation, and said, "the baronet
must

must be content to look at his boy and retire."

"Only one word—are you cold, my love?"

"No; very warm."

"Then I will give you my hand."

Did ever lover press the hand of his mistress to his burning lips with such fond, such holy fervour, as the feeling husband owns at such a moment as this? Ah, no! These hallowed moments are the "Sabbath of the soul," and combine all that is sacred in peace, and dear in rapture.

"But, sir, you will look at the baby?"

A new-born babe appeared to sir Edward's ideas a thing so fragile, a being compounded of such fine materials, that he trembled lest his very breath should destroy it, and almost evaded Gilbert's intreaty; but the good woman, like a true nurse, would not be repulsed; and as he stooped over her knee, she raised the sleeping infant, till its face rested against the father's cheek. It shot through every nerve with

electric touch, and reached the very soul. An age of feeling was concentrated in that moment; and the parent felt as if the claims of this little being alone were sufficient to make him a virtuous man, a faithful husband, and a matchless protector to his helpless offspring. The "little strong embrace" was already felt, and a thousand dawning visions of future blessings swam before his eyes and crowded on his imagination; and he retired to indulge that luxury of feeling which forbade one eye to penetrate the hallowed feast.

The sober certainty of waking bliss, which returned with returning day, was not less sweet, though less extatic, than his first emotions, though they combined occasionally certain recollections, which cast a pensive hue over the brilliance of present enjoyments, and bade the heart "rejoice with trembling."

To Griselda, the memory of the past endeared the present period, by its marked and happy contrast. A thousand times her grateful

grateful heart was lifted up to Heaven in thankful adoration ; and as her eye glanced from her husband to her babe, it was moistened by a tear of indescribable delight. Her recovery was by no means rapid, for the sufferings of the winter had left her extremely delicate ; it was, however, regular, though gradual ; and its retardment was the less regretted, as it enabled sir Edward to give the most decisive proof of his lively interest in her welfare. Busied as he was with all the bustle of military preparation, and much engaged as his time must be by the perpetual calls of the neighbouring gentlemen, he yet devoted to her a considerable portion of it—happy when he could amuse her by a recital of his conversations, or interest her by a detail of his proceedings. Little Charles, who was now constantly with him, appeared to please him more than ever, as he looked forward now, with greater confidence, to the time when his own boy would thus prattle by his

his side, and partake his occupations. The child, like all others, was delighted with the new red coat and the great big sword that he found in the dressing-room; he seized the helmet on his first glance at it, and, placing it on his own head, cried, "Look at me; I am a little soldier as good as you."

"That may be true, young sauce-box; but you ought not to pull my things about."

"Yes, but I *must* though. My papa is a soldier somewhere, and I shall be a soldier too, and kill all the French that fights papa, that I shall; and I shall kill Bonny-party too when he comes to take the Grange, and run away with mother and governess."

"Kiss me, you rogue. I would your father was here to listen to your politics: I find you are a very valiant man, Charles."

"Yes, I *am*. I shall fight for you and all, because you taked me out of the great pond, you know; and you haven't called me

me 'noisy brat' for a great long time, never since mother went up stairs to live with the baby, I think."

"I believe your ideas are pretty accurate, Charles, though you have not studied Locke's associations lately.

"Poor Barnet," continued he, watching the boy as he scampered away, "how much pleasure he loses, and how much anxiety he must feel about that boy!"

Recollection of major Barnet brought another military friend to mind. "Poor Seymour! I warrant now he is languishing for a sight of Emily. Well, really, as her mother may be expected now in a month or six weeks, I can see no impropriety in his coming to pay us a short visit. She is a very sweet girl; 'tis quite natural that she should wish to see him too. I must consult Griselda; she will be down stairs in a day or two, and will rejoice to see him herself."

Rapid in all his movements, the baronet hastened to his lady, and acquainted her with his

his desire to see captain Seymour, who, he thought, would probably be at liberty to comply with his wishes.

“ I would have you write to him, by all means, and desire him to represent major Barnet as sponsor for our little boy; we had a promise to that effect a long time ago; you know.”

“ A happy thought, Griselda; but who will be the other?”

“ We will consider of it—some of our neighbours—perhaps colonel White. We will *think* of it.”

The baronet instantly wrote; and, perhaps, not even a letter from the fair hand which had hitherto been his only correspondent at the Grange, could have afforded the captain equal pleasure. He had been labouring, not unsuccessfully, during the whole winter, to induce his uncle to listen to his wishes in behalf of Emily; and the old gentleman had gone so far as to acknowledge, “ that it looked extremely well in the young woman, not to endea-

your

vour to draw him in by any speedy or clandestine conclusion of the affair; and that, if he really did not visit her till her mother's return, he should think, whatever might be her origin, she was a girl of good principles and proper conduct." And as major Barnet was a man for whom he entertained the sincerest respect, the captain thought he would not object to his becoming his representative on so serious an occasion, even at the house where the proscribed Emily resided.

Captain Seymour had the happiness to find his hopes had not deceived him. The old gentleman consented to part with him, on an occasion he deemed very momentous; for he was an old-fashioned gentleman, who had not unlearned any thing of "what the priest, or what the nurse had taught;" and he did not lose the occasion to impress his opinions upon his nephew, who heard him with equal attention and respect, and left him with a heart overflowing with esteem to him, and goodwill to every human being;

ing; for he was too happy this morning not to be a philanthropist.

In the hurry of his departure, he recollected that general Harcourt was to leave London, for the Elms, that very week. "I will call upon him," said he, "before I set out; who knows but I may make him friends with sir Edward, who, I am persuaded, at this time, merits even the friendship of the general."

Ordering a delay of two hours, he posted away to Portman-square, and had the pleasure of finding the general and lady Elinor just returned from an airing, and the former appearing in rather more than his usual health. After the common salutations, the captain informed them of his intended expedition to the north, and inquired if they had any commands for lady Langdale?

"You may remember us affectionately to *her*," said the general coldly, yet not severely.

"I am going to be sponsor to her little boy," resumed the captain.

"I hope

“ I hope she will be more fortunate with this than with her last ; and that the satisfaction she enjoys with the living son may enable her to forget the sorrows which marked the short life of her dead son :— ’twill be happy for her if she can.”

“ I am persuaded she has experienced this comfort some time, for sir Edward’s conduct is certainly exemplary. I witnessed it at Harrowgate last summer myself, and therefore speak that from observation which others propagate from report.”

“ I apprehend he is esteemed in his own neighbourhood, for I perceived yesterday that he was appointed colonel of the ——— yeomanry cavalry ; ’tis a high compliment in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where there are so many men of great local consequence and respectability ; but I apprehend they are strangers to his former character.”

“ That is impossible, general ; for his folly at York races undoubtedly spread through every part of the county, and the Grange

Grange is within thirty miles of the capital, you know.—No, no! the York gentry know only too much of that affair, depend upon it.”

“So much the worse. I am sorry such a dereliction of manners prevails, that even our country gentlemen tolerate vices in their peers, which, at one period, would have thrown odium over their princes.”

“Indeed, general, you mistake the case. I know that when sir Edward first went to the Grange, he was viewed askance by every eye, and that it was only in consequence of the uniform propriety of his conduct, he obtained the suffrages of his neighbours; nor did he reap the honours due to the inhabitants of the Grange, till he had proved himself not unworthy to stand in their place. Without fortune, whose attractions hide a multitude of faults, and utterly devoid of servility, which would bow itself into favour, how could sir Edward Langdale have gained the esteem of strangers, under all the disadvantages of his first appearance

pearance among them, if he had not merited it? Too poor to treat, and too proud to cringe, his virtue alone has procured him the respect he has an undoubted right to enjoy; since it is proverbially more difficult to regain the hill, than to tread safely on its summit."

"That is true, young man; but if we set no boundaries to right and wrong, mark out no punishment to make 'those tremble who escape the law,' the little which remains of virtue in the land must inevitably go to wreck, and our mistaken charity destroy innocence, while it shelters guilt. The unblushing effrontery with which vice stalks abroad in the present day, shielded by sophistical argument on the one hand, or sentimental pity on the other, makes an old man tremble for the few lines of circumvallation which remain, and guard himself from breaking even the spider's thread, which may preserve the falling ties of social order."

"But,

“ But, my good sir, if to show marked disapprobation of error be one pillar in social order, by the same rule, marked approbation of virtue must be another. ‘ Let him that sinned sin no more,’ is the language of religious policy ; and in a country whose moral code arises from the purest religion ever offered to the human mind, surely our manners must be influenced by the same benignant principle. To push a fallen character from the pale of virtuous intercourse, at the very time it is giving proof of sorrow for the sin, by an endeavour to renounce it, is so decidedly contrary to the precepts of the gospel, and to that sound policy which decrees punishment as the prevention of crime, not vengeance for its commission, that I am convinced, if you examine the affair with a dispassionate eye, you will think with me there is a *period* where our reprobation of even the most guilty character should stop.”

The

The general smiled—"Why, to be sure, if the man had been transported yonder *seven* years, I might say something to you."

"If a man is able to do that in less than two years, which others scarcely accomplish in a long life, would you deny praise to his powers, that you might bestow it on the sluggard?"

"I never was at the Grange since I was a boy. I believe the house is old-fashioned and but small, but I remember the situation is very fine."

"Lady Langdale told me they found it in a sad condition, owing to the stupidity of the manager; but that sir Edward had not only restored, but improved its beauty, though without making one material alteration in any part of it,"

"I wonder how he got money."

"He is a good manager, and lady Elizabeth Osborne, I rather think, assisted him in some very material way; for I heard him, speaking of the increasing value of his colliery,

liery, say, ' this piece of prosperity I owe to the generosity of my good cousin.' "

" There was no occasion for sir Edward Langdale to want money for any *wise* purpose," said the general, a little tartly.

" He does not want it *now*, but, of course, he must have done so when he first went to the Grange."

" Does he retain his old passion for the turf?"

" Certainly not, nor even his passion for horses. I am indebted to him for a very fine one, which fell into my hands at Harrowgate after he had refused it; indeed, his reasons for declining the purchase were good: he had spent all the money he intended at the place, and would not break in upon his *corps de reserve*."

" That was very proper certainly. But 'twas a pity he should be fast for a trifle.— Poor Griselda's heart must often ache at finding her charities severely curtailed, if her expensive spouse be thus narrowed in his means of self-gratification."

" There

"There you are certainly mistaken, general; for to my knowledge, immediately before she left Harrowgate, she relieved a woman in distress, with a liberality suited rather to her past fortune than her present; and I was myself the abettor in a little scheme of sir Edward's, to surprise her on her return by two pictures, which he purchased at Harrowgate, of more value than the horse in question."

The general walked to the window, musing.

"I should like to see the Grange exceedingly," said lady Elinor.

"I hope to see it in about thirty hours," said the captain.

"You travel fast, captain."

"To tell you the truth, lady Elinor, there is a young lady at the Grange that—that—"

"That you want to see, hey!" said the general, turning quick. "Well," added he, twinkling his eyes, "as I believe there is

"likewise a young lady at the Grange whom I want to see, you may as well tell her, that if she can find a corner for me and my old lady here, we may perhaps visit *her* before we visit her Elms."

"Thank you, general, thank you in the name of that excellent woman; and to sir Edward I may say that—that—"

"I shall be happy in partaking major Barnet's charge, or—you may say any thing to him which it would become general Harcourt to say. He is a man, captain Seymour, who would long ago have found a warm place in my heart, if he had not himself rejected it."

"Depend upon it, general, you will never repent this kindness; only keep the place *open* for him, and I'll answer for him 'twill be quickly occupied. Farewell, you have given me wings."

"Ha, ha! *love* gave you them before you came near *us*, it seems; but 'tis only justice to your zeal to say, that friendship
has

has added her brightest feathers. Farewell. We shall soon set out, but our motions must be less rapid than yours."

Thus winged, captain Seymour made his appearance at the Grange, just as the baronet was blaming him for having given him no answer. He was welcomed in the most cordial manner by the master of the mansion; nor did the more chastened pleasure of his fair guest leave an impression less grateful on the mind of her lover. When admitted to the dressing-room of lady Langdale, he found himself an equally welcome visitant; and here he first, in the most flattering and respectful manner to both sir Edward and lady Langdale, opened his commission from the general.

Few circumstances could have occurred capable of giving more pleasure to either; for as the baronet knew not of the pains taken by the captain, he considered this concession, from a man of the general's high character, as a friendly proof of respectful joy on the birth of his heir, and a

testimony of regard for him, meant to give the world a proof of esteem ; and such indeed it was, though it had not flowed quite so spontaneously as the baronet had conceived, but certainly as much so as was consistent with the general's conceptions of propriety.

For the reception of such a guest, sir Edward busied himself in a way so entirely new to him, who never yet had concerned himself in even the slightest domestic arrangement, that in a few hours, not only the house, but the neighbourhood were put in a complete bustle. The captain and Miss Templeman were not sorry to see him so much employed, and Griselda was too much obliged by his marked attention to her friends to interrupt him ; he therefore planned and contrived, with the fertility of invention and rapidity of execution which was consistent with the activity and liberality of his mind ; and before night had almost completed his plan of turning a large barn into an eating-room for the christening

christening dinner, in which his colliers and other dependants might participate the pleasure of the day, and prove that Yorkshire hospitality was still in existence, agreeable to the custom of the ancient inhabitants of the Grange, which was not less a compliment to the general than a mode of enjoyment consistent with his own wishes.

On the evening of the following day, by dint of incessant exertion, both on his own part and that of the people around, his *salle a manger* was completed, and he had led the captain and his Emily to view it in triumph; but their admiration, however well expressed, was not sufficient to satisfy him; for his heart asked for praise from a dearer source, and he returned to the house, to seek it from her whose presence alone could crown him with a worthy meed.

“I wish, my love, you could wrap yourself in a warm shawl, and just step to see what a noble dining-room I have made of
 E 3 the

the great barn ; it wants nothing to complete it but those decorations which you will be able to direct, on the day we shall want it."

"Indeed, my dear, I should have great pleasure in going, but I have not been well the whole day ; and as the air is very damp, I believe I had better not venture."

"I think, my dear, you are *too* timid ; you will never get strength if you confine yourself to the house, or go out only in a carriage. Put on your clogs and a warm shawl, and I'll answer for its doing you more good than harm."

Griselda rang the bell, and told Anne to bring her pelisse, but sat down again, saying, "I really feel myself a coward, my dear ; I think I ought not to go out. Your description of the improvements you have made will amuse me as much as even the sight of them would do."

"Excuse me, lady Langdale. My silence is perhaps as *mal a propos* as your cowardice, but as both proceed from the same cause,

cause, no particular blame can attach to either."

The baronet was retiring in great vexation, when Griselda, shocked at having awakened a petulance she had considered nearly conquered for ever, called out, "Stay, my dear Edward, only give me time, as you say, to get my clogs and my large shawl."

The baronet returned, and, in adjusting the warm wrappings, forgot his ill humour, and drawing her arm under his, hastened to the scene of his achievements, with a rapidity rather suited to his own feelings than the delicacy of his companion, who dared not intreat him to stop, lest he should again impute her delay to an unwillingness to oblige him.

When arrived at the barn, the surprise and pleasure she expressed banished, in a moment, all which had passed from his memory: he proceeded to give a succinct account of all his proceedings, and of his plans for the future festival, neither attending

tending to the short observations she made, nor the tone in which they were uttered, until he felt her head drop upon his shoulder, and saw, with equal astonishment and dismay, that she was seized with a kind of shuddering fit, which bereft her of speech. His cries instantly brought Miss Templeman and captain Seymour, who were standing at the door, to his assistance; and while the former helped to support her, the latter ran to the house, and soon returned with two men carrying an arm-chair, and Gilbert with salts and *eau de luce*.

Alike alarmed and irritated, even the presence of sir Edward could not check Gilbert's lamentations, which contained as much reproach as sorrow. She wondered, she must own, how any body could think of her lady going out at eight o'clock at night, of a cold April day, for the first time, after it had been raining too. "To be sure, those that did it little knew what a fever she had had the last time, or they couldn't have thought of it. To be sure,
just

just because she was so afraid of giving other people pain, that she would go to crucify herself, as it were, people thought she never ailed any thing; but, poor lady, we shall all see now, or I am mistaken."

Too much shocked to hear any reproaches but the still small voice within, which it was impossible to hush, sir Edward, only solicitous to regain the house, placed his unconscious burden in the chair, and assisted in carrying her, at the same time ordering Tom to fly for the physician. Lady Langdale was soon placed in a warm bed, but the shuddering fits again returned. From this appearance of similarity to the disorder which afflicted himself, in consequence of cold, sir Edward predicted that she was beginning a rheumatic fever; but Gilbert maintained, with more probability, that it was the commencement of the same species of fever which had afflicted her on a similar occasion; and on the arrival of the physician he pronounced her judgment

the more correct, and bade them lose no time in procuring assistance for the child.

This order gave an idea of duration to the disease, which excited considerable alarm in the mind of sir Edward ; but even while it called attention to his child, it taught him to feel the full difference of the value of that mother and her child to him. This little being, whose health had hitherto been the daily object of self-gratulation to him, and whose rapid improvement had excited the sincerest pleasure, was comparatively forgotten till now ; and though he was ready to raise heaven and earth to find it the subsistence required, yet the moment this end was accomplished, his heart reverted to its mother, as an object of undivided, and, at this time, agonizing attention.

On the physician's second visit, he declared an intention of remaining all night, and at the same time requested to have a consultation in the morning, naming doctor

tor N—— of York, as a person on whom he had great reliance.

Tom lost not a moment in setting out for this gentleman, and had the satisfaction of finding him at home, and conducting him to the Grange in as short a time as it was possible; but, alas! his manners appeared rather to confirm fear than encourage hope; and the spirits of the attendants sunk from his countenance, which expressed something more melancholy than doubt, and the torture of suspense appeared changing for that of despair.

During the first two days, the state of alarm and agitation sir Edward experienced approached to comparative insanity. Perpetually flying from place to place, and from scheme to scheme, his energies were wasted in exertions for relief that was unattainable, and lamentations that increased confusion rather than excited regard. He had sent for Mrs. White, who, with the greatest kindness, immediately left her bed,

and obeyed his midnight summons; he afterwards would have called in every other lady the neighbourhood had afforded, if the medical men, by particularly insisting on no stranger being admitted into lady Langdale's apartment, had not checked him. At length the perturbation of his spirit somewhat subsided, and the idea that she *must* get better seemed to possess his heart, merely because she was yet alive. That which we ardently wish we ever expect; and although the medical gentlemen dreaded to promise any thing, pitying the extreme perturbation of his spirits, and dreading the effect disappointment must have on a mind wound up to the extreme of suffering, yet he still insisted upon it that some remedy might be found, some symptom be relieved, and that in a few hours some great change would undoubtedly take place. One hour he spoke of nothing but patiently persisting in the use of means already adopted, and the next
was

was insisting on the necessity of further medical assistance, and beseeching the gentlemen to alter every prescription.

One favourable circumstance for his comfort had occurred until the fifth day, which was, that the patient had shewn little disposition to delirium, which being an effect he had not experienced in his own illness, nor witnessed in any other person, he formed a peculiarly dreadful idea of; and having understood from Gilbert that, during the whole of her former fever, she had been afflicted with it, he considered that she must have been worse at that time than she was at this. No sooner did this idea cross his mind, than he became impatient for the same medical attendance which had so happily succeeded in relieving her at that time, and determined not to be trammelled, as he called it, by advice he was now determined to resist. He sent Tom into Gloucestershire, as fast as a chaise and four could carry him, to bring back

back both the medical men who had at that time been so successful.

Delighted with his project, he could not forbear whispering it to Griselda, who thanked him with a melancholy smile, but told him she believed her present attendants were as successful as the nature of the case admitted. "We must be patient, my love," said she, "and look up to that great Physician in whose hands are the issues of life."

"I cannot part with you, Griselda—no, by my soul, I cannot!" exclaimed the baronet, throwing himself in agony on his knees by the bedside, where, covering his face with the clothes, he sobbed aloud. The calmness of Griselda struck him as cruelty to *him*; and her resignation to heaven appeared treason to his love. His heart, torn by grief, increased its own misery by its rebellion against the will of heaven, and thus shut out the single ray which could shed light on its benighted state.

state. The loss of Griselda appeared a punishment too great for any faults he had committed, and to be sent him at the very period when he conceived himself most worthy of her—sent too by making *him* the medium of her death—'twas more than he could endure, and his reason tottered beneath the stroke of such intolerable distress.

Wounded to the heart with *his* affliction, Griselda scarcely knew in what way she could so express herself as to sooth his exasperated feelings, or point him to that source of mercy whence alone he could derive fortitude or hope for consolation. Fearful that self-reproach might mingle with his other pangs, she had hoped that her expression of resignation to the divine will would sooth his mind, and enable him to consider this affliction as coming more immediately from the all-wise Disposer, and claiming the submission due to his will; but she now perceived, with sincere regret, that his feelings were irritated and trans-

transported beyond endurance, and that at present his mind admitted no lenitive, save that delusive hope which, she feared, must too soon forsake him for ever.

Had sir Edward possessed the power of consideration, he would have judged that the distress of mind she endured, during her first illness, and which indeed *occasioned* it, fully accounted for the perpetual delirium under which she then suffered, and have concluded that any circumstance which intruded on the sacred complacency which now possessed her mind, would be likely, indeed must inevitably, produce the same effect; but, unhappily, his powers of self-control were unequal to the task before him; and he saw, when too late, that the tempest of grief indulged in her presence had added this evil to those already accumulated. Griselda's head soon after became unsettled; in a short time she forgot the names and persons of all around her, and complained, in strong and sorrowful terms, that she was left alone in a dark place.

place, with no friend to guide her—no voice to cheer her solitude.

The physician, on his return, was much hurt at the change in his patient. He complained that his orders had not been attended to, and declared that improper company had been admitted to the apartment; expressing a determination to watch by her bed during the whole of the night, and requiring from sir Edward an exertion of his authority to keep the house as still as possible.

Though the baronet was conscious that his own conduct alone had produced the effects so much lamented in his lady's disease, he did not fail to attend to every minutiae in the conduct of others that might have contributed to that end. Captain Seymour and little Charles removed to colonel White's; all the servants concerned in the farm were sent to the houses of the neighbouring peasants; all the premises around were covered with straw; and a deathlike silence pervaded every part of the

the house. These regulations, together with the judicious attentions of the physician, to a certain degree, produced the desired effect. The opiates administered did not cause sleep, but the repose they gave produced a stupor less exhausting than the ravings which preceded it, and which prepared the way for returning reason. During the afternoon of the following day, Griselda called Gilbert by her name, and inquired after her child and sir Edward.

The faithful nurse lost no time in giving her master information of a change so happy. He flew instantly to her, and with a transport known only to those who have felt the alternate fever and ague of the heart in such sorrows as these, heard her voice, in a natural, though feeble tone, bless him, and thank God who had delivered her from the painful wanderings of a disordered imagination. She expressed a great desire for sleep, but appeared at the same time afflicted with a restlessness which

which forbade all hopes of her enjoying it. Her expressions to him were full of tenderness and gratitude, but she forbore to speak of that resignation to the divine will she had so frequently expressed in former interviews; thus complying with all the necessities of his distracted mind, and tacitly conveying the idea that she participated with him, in its utmost extent, the agonies of parting, should they be indeed called to this dreadful trial.

Nor will it be supposed that Griselda was blessed with a faith so superhuman, that she did not feel with acuteness the pangs of separation from a husband so fondly, so faithfully beloved. It will not be supposed that one whose affection had surmounted so many obstacles, endured so many trials with unabated love and unwearied patience, and had lived nearly to realize her brightest hopes, and reap an abundant reward, could see, in the very moment of tasting it, the cup of happiness dashed from her lips unmoved. Still
harder

harder was it to see *him* deprived of it whose blessedness she had sought by many an ardent prayer and many a painful sacrifice, whose virtues she cherished with unceasing solicitude, and who must now be thrown again upon a tempting world, or doomed to a wretched solitude. It cannot be supposed that she did not acutely feel, and bitterly lament a separation so afflicting, or contemplate with solemnity the awful event before her. But she had accustomed her mind to deep and frequent contemplations on this great change, and to repose much on the goodness of God; and in every trial of life to say, "not my will, but thine be done." And *Him* in whom she rejoiced in the hour of health, forsook her not in this dreary passage through the "valley of the shadow of death." She saw that her life had been spared hitherto for the happiest purposes, since she had witnessed that her husband had obtained a just sense of his past errors, a happy perception of the excellence of religion and virtue.

virtue, and a desire to walk in their paths. She considered it an inestimable blessing that she had been spared long enough to see him restored to respectable society, which might preserve the good seed planted in his breast, and that she was permitted to leave him a pledge of their mutual love, which would keep alive her memory in his heart, and treasure there the virtues heaven had appointed *her* to plant.

Thus reasoning, she was enabled to resign the being she held so dear into the hands of her God, as well as her own soul, for which she enjoyed the especial boon of a Christian's faith, "a hope unspeakable and full of glory."

But while we hold "this treasure in earthly vessels," much suffering will alloy our views, and the exhausted frame give frequent earnest of weakened intellect and debilitated powers. Such however was the general effect of the religious calmness which possessed Griselda's mind, that she exhibited an edifying proof of divine com-
posure

posure to all around her; and her meekness and patience contributed much to protract her strength, and enable her to struggle with the disease; and so much better did she appear to sir Edward after his last conversation with her, that he ventured to throw himself upon a couch, and indulge in that repose which was now become extremely necessary for him, as he had been up both night and day for so long a time, that he looked almost as ill as lady Langdale herself, and those around them were little less affected with his situation.

CHAP. IV.

SIR Edward had scarcely enjoyed two hours repose, when, according to his own orders,
he

He was called to hear what the physicians said. Both the gentlemen were pleased to find the senses of their patient were restored, but they remarked, with evident despondency, the continual restlessness under which she laboured, and agreed that she was much weaker than at their last visit; and after some private consultation, it was concluded, that as an important crisis was drawing on, one would remain at the Grange during the day, and the other supply his place in the evening.

Afflicted and disappointed, sir Edward grew solicitous to distraction for the return of Tom with the medical men from Gloucestershire. He had now been absent three days and nights, and his return might, according to his master's calculations, be expected every hour. Those solemn words, "an important crisis," conveyed a thousand alternate hopes and fears to his heart, and made him more than ever anxious to see those men on whom he placed a reliance, suggested rather by his imagination than his

his judgment, but which increased with his increasing solicitude. This was the longest day he ever had experienced; he never once sat down, nor took any food but a biscuit and a glass of wine, during the whole of it. Continually wandering round the house and watching the high road, or stealing to the chamber door to catch the slightest sounds that might issue thence, he underwent a bodily fatigue which previous exhaustion would have totally unfitted him to endure, had it not been absorbed in that supernatural strength which it is the property of extreme wretchedness to bestow in her most suffering moments.

In one of those wanderings round the house, in which it might be truly said, the troubled spirit which possessed him "led him whither it would," he turned into a remote room, now appointed to be the nursery; a pretty-looking decent woman was sat opposite the door, with his boy at her breast; he had seen Griselda at that tender office, and the tear of love and joy had

had glistened in his eye. The remembrance of that sensation came over his heart like the sickly damp upon the brow of death. It was a sensation so chilling he could not endure it. He would have turned away, but the face of his infant was still pleasant to his sight: he drew nearer, and gazed upon the unconscious babe, as if his heart would issue at his eyes.

The nurse at first, awe-struck, had shrunk from his presence, but as she construed his ardent gaze into admiration of her charge, she took courage to say, "Little master improves fast, your honour; I hopes when my lady is able to look at him once more, she'll find him purely grown."

The image of Griselda once more smiling on her boy, thus simply presented, softened, for a moment, the severity of grief into its tenderer tones, and for the first time on this eventful day, the tears sprang freely to sir Edward's eyes.—Precious, thrice precious drops! ye cooled the burning of a heart that ached to breaking!

The tedious hours spun on, from time to time, their wearisome round, and still Tom appeared not. Griselda, as the evening approached, gave signs that her restlessness had abated, but whether this could be considered as a disposition to salutary repose, or the weakness of exhausted nature, it was not easy to determine. Her fever was likewise much abated; but the strong sedatives she had taken were expected to produce this effect. All was *doubt*; and the return of the other physician was expected with extreme impatience.

The moment his chariot appeared at the gates, the baronet flew to communicate the tidings, and with an eye in which indescribable solicitude was depicted, seemed to entreat a favourable decision from the symptoms he had described.

"I must see my patient and Dr. —, before I dare venture to infer amendment."

In about a quarter of an hour the two medical gentlemen descended to the breakfast-parlour, where the baronet was still quickly

quickly pacing in his usual perturbed manner. He looked in their faces, but was unable to read their sentence, or to inquire it.

“ Lady Langdale has been exceeding ill eight days, I think,” said Dr. N——.

“ Nine, sir, this very night ; she has endured it so long, that I trust her constitution, which is excellent, will enable her to overcome it.—You must be however sensible, sir Edward, that a person suffering nine days under a high degree of fever, must be left in a state of extreme debility.”

“ But, doctor, her fever is greatly abated, I understand.”

“ It is so, and she has even a disposition to sleep, which is favourable ; but it is so long since she has taken either food or medicine, that there is reason to fear, should she now sleep, that life hangs on so fragile a thread, it may but be the prelude—however, we will hope for the best : as she assures me she cannot sleep while I remain

in the room, I have consented to lie on the sofa in her dressing-room, and am charged by her to see you take some refreshment. As I have given her an anodyne with my own hand, which is my last dependence, I cannot suffer you to go into the room again to-night."

"After what you have said, that is impossible—not see her again! when, perhaps—"

"Hold, sir Edward; I must assure you, that on your obedience to this command, however hard, the only chance for lady Langdale's life depends. You know she has not slept for nine nights, and this is the first in which she has shewn any disposition to it; would you destroy this hope?"

The baronet was silent, but he bowed in token of obedience. The physicians left the room; the one immediately returned home; the other, after giving orders for perfect stillness in the house, ascended the stairs, entered the dressing-room, and was heard

heard no more. Every thing was silent as the grave ; and sir Edward felt that silence as if it were the presentiment of death.

For a considerable time he still continued to walk about the room, endeavouring to allay the ferment of his agitated spirits, and either embrace that hope which was yet held out to him, or meet his sorrows "*like a man.*" " Vain pomp of words," with which the trembling bosom, at such a moment as this, holds no connection. It was in vain he called on reason or philosophy to his aid ; this was a trial beyond their powers ; it demanded a species of courage he had not yet learned, of resignation to which he was yet a stranger. The more he reasoned, the more he became bewildered in his views and distracted in his thoughts. The dreadful possibility of losing his wife rose on his mind as an evil he had never had the courage to contemplate till now ; and the suffering of many dreadful days was effaced in the more pressing distress of this event-

ful night. Conscious that his rebellious heart was every moment arraigning the divine dispensation, and crying, with the first murderer, "my punishment is greater than I can bear," he endeavoured to pray that, if possible, he might submit to drink the cup prepared for him; but, alas! a deadly hardness sat upon his heart, which still proudly said, "even my sins have not merited a misery like this."

Sometimes the thought struck him that Griselda had been unkind in not desiring to see him that night. How could she suppose that he could eat or sleep, when her life was hanging on so fragile a thread? His busy imagination conjured a thousand proofs of the coldness of her feelings, when opposed to his; and with a dreadful rapacity of thought, he pursued the idea that consumed him, although conscious that her love was dearer to him than even her life, and that to part with her, under the most trifling cloud, would be losing her in a thousand ways at once. The recol-
lection

lection of every unkind word he had ever given her, of every look of disapprobation, every proof of indifference he had ever shewn her, now rose to his mind, and stabbed his very soul; then followed the sad list of more violent outrages against her love and patience. Middleton rose upon his mind, like the fury whose harpy talons had first tore the springs of life, had opened the inroad to that disease which was now consuming her. A new light broke now on his mind. His reason told him, God was just in thus making his punishment arise from his crime; but this acknowledged justice softened not the heart it wounded, which seemed to take a strange delight in avenging, by torturing itself. At length, unable to endure the complicated misery this horrid industry of thought had heaped upon his head, he determined to see Griselda once more, and brave the distraction which awaited him.

As he laid his hand upon the door, the noise made by the bolt alarmed him, and

he hastily withdrew it. "Fool! mad-man!" he exclaimed, striking his burning forehead, "wouldst thou destroy the little hope that is left?—Oh God, forgive me!"

Retiring from the door, he now threw himself on the sofa, and hiding his face with his hands, remained some time in a stupefaction of horror and grief, more dreadful than perhaps even their acutest emotions. How long he had lain there he knew not, but after a time, he was startled by some one gently laying hold of his hand to withdraw it from his eyes. He looked, and beheld the face of a seraph beaming with a seraph's smile, who, in a gentle whisper, said, "My dear sir Edward, I thought I should find you here, and I am come to tell you she has now slept nearly two hours; I can see a gentle dew upon her hands and forehead; she breathes softly; I am confident that all is well."

Sir Edward rose a moment on his feet,
grasped

grasped the hand of Emily convulsively, and with difficulty gasped, "Do not deceive me."

"I *dare* not deceive you, Heaven is my witness!" said the trembling girl, lifting her hand, and turning her streaming eyes towards the power she invoked. "No! I dare not deceive you! but I *know* she is better."

Sir Edward dropped upon his knees, and burst into a flood of tears. His clasped hands were for a moment raised towards heaven in thankful adoration; then holding them on his forehead, he laid his head on the ground, trembling lest, in the deep silence of the night, his emotion should be heard. Emily flew back to her charge, while her heart, throbbing for both, joined in the devout aspirations of the baronet.

What a change had a few short moments wrought in the feelings of sir Edward! That proud heart which had hitherto "kicked against the pricks" of an accusing conscience, and rebelled against the hand

of justice, now melted by the sense of divine goodness, was overwhelmed with contrition, and penetrated with the deepest humiliation. Alive to every sensibility that can agitate the human breast, the long train of sin and folly which had, in years that were past, polluted his mind, and forbade his communion with that heavenly Father whose mercy was felt in this chastisement, now rushed upon his mind, and the feelings of years lived again in moments. Not an error of heart or of conduct was forgotten, or past, in the sad review, undeclared and unrepented. But sweet are the tears of penitence when awakened by the sense of mercy, which, like the covenanting bow of heaven, when bestowed on a regenerated world, while it bound the patriarch to remember the deluge that was passed, assured him of the mercies that were in store. Impressed, beyond all former impressions, with a sense of his own offences, still the deeper sense of divine goodness filled his heart, and enabled him
to

to pray, with fervent supplication and faithful hope, for the life of his beloved; while, with a resignation unfelt before, he was at length enabled to say, though with a bleeding heart, "not my will but thine be done."

While thus employed, he heard the light foot of Emily descending the stairs. He rose, and met her at the door.

"Come, come," said she hastily, "lady Langdale is awake, and asks for you; but I beseech you be calm; every thing depends on quietness now. You must not express even your joy at this time."

To the heart of sir Edward, a greater than Emily had preached the same happy doctrine. At once exhausted and calmed by the nature and excess of his late emotions, he was enabled to fulfil his duties in this respect to their utmost extent. He entered once more the chamber of Griselda with hope, but it was blended with a species of awe he had never felt before; he feared almost to breathe, lest he should

disturb a being whom he considered as undergoing a species of resurrection which might be dissolved by every breeze. Nor did the appearance of Griselda discredit the opinion, for she was paler than the sheet which covered her; and her wishes were expressed in a whisper of such soft, though silvery tones, as if no "thing of mortal mould" could utter such celestial sounds, though their import happily convinced him she was a daughter of earth.

"I think, my Edward, I could take a little chocolate, if you will feed me, and take some with me."

Delightful requisition! but sir Edward repressed every symptom of joy that could break on the halcyon stillness of the scene. He perceived that there was still a disposition to slumber, which he trusted a small portion of food would increase. He gently raised her, with that adroitness true tenderness so easily learns, and with Emily's assistance gave her the chocolate.

"I should eat more, if you both took a
little

little with me.—I think, Edward, you are very pale; but I cannot see you plainly.”

“ I am *well*, my love, quite *well*.”

“ Then stay, my dear, with me; you can sleep in the chair when you have taken some chocolate.”

Sir Edward simply assured her he would, and laying her head gently on the pillow, he sat by the bedside, and took the chocolate as she desired, motioning to Emily to take some rest in the arm-chair.

Emily, in the same silent language, refused, but reached him the large cushion out of it, making a motion for him to lay it on the floor, and sleep beside the bed; his eyes were fixed on Griselda as he took it; she gave an approving smile, and then closed her eyes. He was soon convinced she had again fallen fast asleep; raising his eyes once more, in most devout gratitude, to that God who thus signally had answered his prayers, he laid down on the carpet, and in a short time lost every sense in the
repose

repose his exhausted frame and spirits needed so much.

As the day following this, which dawned with such happy presage, was the one which had been fixed upon for the christening, it was but too probable that general Harcourt and his lady might be expected upon it ; and as, after much deliberation, captain Seymour and Mrs. White, who alone were competent to consider on the subject, had agreed to let their journey take its course, only informing them of the state of affairs at the Grange when they should draw nigh to it, the captain had sent his servant, about noon the preceding day, with a letter, to prepare them for an event which appeared, at the time of his writing, to be nearly inevitable, although he did not omit to mention every favourable incident which the physician entertained the least remaining hope of procuring, and in particular said, that even now, if sleep could be obtained, a favourable issue might be expected ;

pected ; he concluded by an offer of colonel White's house for their present reception, to which he said his servant would conduct them.

As it was expected that they would travel slowly, the man was surprised to find them at supper at Ferrybridge, where lady Elinor was listening to the landlady's animated description of sir Edward's courage and activity, in rescuing little Charles from a watery grave, and his humanity in restoring him to life, which had been the theme of panegyric to many a traveller ever since the accident happened, but was detailed to them with louder plaudits, since the servants had mentioned the place they were going to. Accustomed for many years to Eastern magnificence, the general travelled in a style rather suited to the splendour of his own fortune than that of the family he was about to visit, and of course excited universal inquiry. The moment, therefore, that captain Seymour's servant announced himself as the bearer of important dispatches

patches to the general, he was ushered into his presence, and the sad tidings instantly laid before him.

Deeply affected with this melancholy interruption to their journey, and anxious, to the greatest degree, to learn the extent of their sorrow, or the prolongation of their hopes, neither the general nor lady Elinor could think of retiring to rest. They therefore determined to take post-horses and travel all night, leaving their servants and horses to follow under the direction of captain Seymour's man, being determined to go directly to the Grange, before they accepted the kind invitation of Mrs. White, and hoping that the private manner of their arrival would not disturb the family at this critical juncture, or in any way add to its confusion, rather hoping they should afford some comfort to sir Edward, whose character had gained ground upon them the farther they had advanced into his neighbourhood.

It was not possible for the general to
give

give a more decisive proof of goodwill to his worthy relative at the Grange than by thus travelling all night to visit her; for the nights in England, even at the season now enjoyed, were too cold for his constitution to sustain, drooping as it now was, both from age, and the diseases incurred by early enduring the hardships incident to his profession, and afterwards by his residence in warmer climates. He bore the exertion with more spirit than lady Elinor expected, and they arrived within sight of the Grange just as the sun shed his golden beams over the surrounding scenery, rising slowly over the house which was enveloped with his dazzling rays.

“What a heavenly morning!” said lady Elinor; “how sweet and beautiful is every thing around this little paradise! surely death will not set his seal on this fair mansion now. Madame de Genlis calls presentiment the superstition of feeling hearts; I will therefore not hesitate to say, that

that yon glorious luminary, thus rising in unclouded majesty, inspires me with a presentiment that Griselda, like him, will rise above the darkness that environs her, and shine through a long day of happiness yet in store for her."

"I wish you may be a true prophet," said the general, shaking his head doubtfully; "let us however do our best to contribute to her repose, if indeed she enjoys any, by alighting here and walking to the house; you may perceive their care, by the ample bed of straw with which they have environed it; the horses may be taken round."

Leaning on the arm of the single servant who accompanied him, the general, with an aching heart, entered the house without knocking. They proceeded only a little way, when the housemaid, who was the only person stirring, made her curtsy, and desired them to walk into the breakfast-parlour. The silence of all around struck

struck the travellers with dismay, and the general complained, for the first time, of extreme chilliness.

"The doctors order all doors to be kept open, but we ha a good fire i'th nursery, an lse light one here in a crack, please your worship to step there first."

"Do you know how your lady is?"

"I hasn't hard, but I be sure she be better, God's name be praised—yes I be sure o' that."

"How are you sure?"

"I ha bin up half an hour, an his honor's quite still, an I tak it he's a-bed; and Mrs. Gilbert's nobbut gitting up, and th' girt doctor's fast asleep i' my leady's dressin-roum."

As the girl spoke she lighted the chips in the fire-place, which spread quickly into a warm blaze, near which the general was placing himself, when Gilbert made her appearance, and confirmed the good accounts given, by saying she had left her lady fast asleep at two o'clock, and sir
Edward

Edward sitting in that room; that his absence was an indubitable proof that the doctors had at last succeeded in procuring the wished for effects, as she was certain no other circumstance would have induced sir Edward to allow himself repose, which it was plain he had at length taken.

"I presume, Gilbert, you have a nurse with your lady at present on whom you can rely?"

"Oh yes, please your ladyship, I know who I trust; the nurse that is with her at this moment is one by herself, as I may say."

This panegyric was cut short by Anne's return with coffee, which being hastily swallowed, Gilbert proposed shewing the visitors to their apartment, which she said was quite ready, insisting upon it that if her lady awoke, and *was*, as she hoped she would be, quite in her right mind, there was nothing that would grieve her more than finding they were gone to colonel White's, being as how that every thing
was

was ready for them ; for dear heart, the mischief was, sir Edward had been ready to turn the house out of the windows when he found they were coming, and that was the main reason of all the bad work that had followed.

Fearful that the good woman's volubility would lead her to forget the imposition of silence, evidently so necessary, they made signs for her to show them the way. On arriving at the gallery, they observed, as Anne had said, all the doors open save one at the end, which, from Gilbert's steps, they judged to be their own. In passing one door, Gilbert just looked in, and returning with marks of pleasure in her countenance, she motioned them to follow her ; aware that it was lady Langdale's apartment, both hesitated whether they ought to obey, but a moment's consideration told them that Gilbert's prudence could not be doubted, since she was as silent above as she had been talkative below.

Full

Full of friendly solicitude and tender curiosity, they stepped into the room, and there beheld a sight dear to the heart of sensibility, and encouraging to their fondest hopes. Griselda, though pale and thin, was sleeping with a composure that indicated complete tranquillity of mind, and promised returning health ; while on the floor beside her lay her husband, whose situation spoke to the heart with resistless energy, and told the tale of all his fears and all his sufferings ; his countenance too bespoke his recent agitation, and his complexion was scarcely less pale than his beloved sufferer's. But while lady Elinor, in sympathetic pain, gazed on the pair before her, and wiped away the frequent tear that obstructed vision, the general's eyes were fixed on the lovely girl who sat in the arm-chair, her head leaning on one side, partaking the same happy slumbers, but apparently with far less ease, as she repeatedly started, at one time opened her fine black
eyes

eyes upon the general, smiled, and again closed them, as if unconscious of any emotion but that of a dream.

"This," said lady Elinor, "must be the Miss Templeman of whom captain Seymour is enamoured; she is a very lovely girl, but not calculated for a nurse."

"I wish she may not have banished sleep from my eyes," said the general, "for she has recalled an image I never wished to visit them again."

Lady Elinor retired silently, only pointing to Gilbert to take her place in the sick-room, seeing the young lady was overpowered with slumber, with which the good woman immediately complied, by no means sorry that the young partner of her cares had obtained this happy respite from them; and she sat down with the lovely group, with feelings of the sublimest gratitude and the most perfect affection, contemplating them as the most interesting spectacle that could delight her eyes on this side heaven.

When

When the physician awoke, he stepped into the room and disturbed Miss Templeman, to inquire how the night had passed ; being informed that lady Langdale had taken food, he was exceedingly gratified, and on feeling her pulse, declared that if on her awaking she took something nourishing, notwithstanding her extreme weakness, he should have no doubt of her restoration, observing that he thought the baronet looked as much like a patient as his lady ; “ as, however,” added he, “ both parties are now in a good way, and in very good hands with our friend Gilbert, I think proper to prescribe to you, young lady, thus—that you make and partake of my breakfast, and then go to bed ; your anxiety has supported you through extreme fatigue ; as I trust your support is failing, it is high time you indulged in the comfort of a bed.”

Emily thankfully adopted the regimen prescribed, and had the satisfaction, before breakfast was over, to learn that lady Langdale

dale had awoke, and finding herself much refreshed, had inquired of Gilbert for some coffee.

"This will do," said the doctor, "take her coffee by all means; in a day or two she will be crying out for the toast, I hope."

When Anne took the coffee, she was nearly stumbling over her master. Sir Edward awoke, bewildered for a moment, and scarcely knowing whether he ought to indulge in the vague but delightful remembrances which floated over his mind; he shook his pillow, and was trying again to sleep, that he might regain the undefined images which whispered peace to his lacerated bosom, when a voice, still sweeter than they, said gently,

"Do not sleep again, my Edward, on the hard floor; though it has been delightful to have you so near me, yet I must now have you go to bed."

"Griselda! Oh, my love! I dreamt
VOL. IV. G you

you were better; surely my dream was prophetic."

"I am indeed much better, my love. God has answered your prayers for me; though very weak, I feel free from all pain; and my head is perfectly clear."

The physician now coming in, forbade all further intercourse; he had heard of the arrival of the strangers, and thought it his duty to guard sir Edward from permitting that circumstance from being mentioned to the patient. He insisted upon the child being kept from the mother's sight for at least twenty-fours longer, and thought it better that only Gilbert and Anne should be admitted into the room, except sir Edward himself, at long intervals, and then only for a few minutes at a time. Sir Edward heard all his orders with the most implicit attention, and promised the most scrupulous adherence to them; and his manners, which were changed from those of haughty impatience into mild observance,

servance, gave earnest of the sincerity of his intentions. He wrung the hand of the physician with grateful acknowledgments of his care, and beseeching his speedy return; then sought the library, where his thankful and adoring heart could, unmarked by human eye, expand in praises to him who had thus bade the "dayspring from on high" visit his benighted soul.

With what different feelings did sir Edward now visit his nursery, and inquire after the health of the boy, before he paid his permitted call upon the mother, treasuring every little circumstance that could please without affecting her! Scarcely had he been blessed with this short treat, which served to confirm his hopes, though he witnessed a weakness which still kept alive much apprehension, before he perceived captain Seymour in the park; he flew to meet him—he grasped his hand—and at length, in words scarcely articulate, declared the blessing he enjoyed; and told him how much he held himself

indebted to *his* Emily, for her unwearied watchfulness and affectionate care of Griselda.

"She is, in fact, a most charming, excellent girl; she is formed on the very model of lady Langdale, and she will make you the happiest of men, Seymour."

"Always excepting the present company, sir Edward."

"No! I maintain you must be the very happiest; for you will never have to regret that you have made the woman you loved unhappy—that your conduct cast the shade of disgrace over the spotless innocence of her character—injured her fortune—spurned her love—wounded her heart—or—"

"Come, my dear baronet, no more of this. I wish I may make my Emily as happy as you will henceforth make the excellent woman whom Heaven in pity restores to your prayers, to whom you have given the sublime consolation, most dear to a heart so exalted in its views, and so benevolent in its feelings, as hers—the consolation

solation of knowing herself the means of snatching from perdition, and restoring to virtue, a man capable, in the most extensive sense of the words, of blessing his family, his friends, and his country. Others may rejoice in the good they have received, but hers is the more glorious satisfaction to rejoice in the good she has bestowed, and feed on the rich harvest once sown by her hands, and watered by her tears."

CHAP. V.

ON returning to the house, the baronet found his guests were risen, and hastened to welcome them. His appearance now indicated, still more than they had at first observed, how much he had suffered from his late uneasiness; and they learned, with

more grief than surprise, some days must yet pass ere lady Langdale could be pronounced out of danger. While they were in the midst of this conversation, the return of Tom, and a gentleman with him, was announced, and sir Edward hastily quitted the room.

“ I expected you, Tom, all day yesterday ; I have been exceedingly distressed.”

“ Why, sir, I ha brought Mr. Snowden the very minute I could get him ; he was with a patient that couldn't be left. I ha brought un at such a rate, he be almost killed.”

“ Mr. Snowden ! Why, to be sure, I did say Mr. Snowden, but doctor Dorset was the man I wanted.”

“ Yes, sur, but I couldn't get he to come upon no consideration.”

“ No ! What could be his reason ?”

“ Why, sur, I never axed for no reasons, becuse, for why, I knowed he could give none, good or bad, as one may zay, for he died hissel last Thursday but one.”

“ Well !

"Well, we can do without him, I hope," said the baronet smiling; "but where is Mr. Snowden?"

The surgeon came forwards, but as sir Edward perceived, as Tom said, that he had almost killed him, he recommended the gentleman to go to bed, informing him, that as soon as he was able to see lady Langdale, he was sure she would have great satisfaction in finding herself attended by him, but at present he was certain that was impossible.

Dinner was now announced, and the baronet once more took his seat at table. Just as they were sitting down, Emily entered; she had but just risen, and the appearance of strangers, and of captain Seymour too, covered her with confusion, especially after her first glance at the general, who, in his turn, eyed her with looks by no means indicative of pleasure.

The lover's eye took alarm; he could not comprehend the general's glances. The beauty of Emily was likely to ensure admiration

ration from any man at any age, and the general was by no means an insensible observer in general. Something connected with this young person's history, or acquaintance at lady Castlehowel's, must be the motive for the disapproving looks he had witnessed; and not to investigate it was impossible.

Soon after the ladies left the room, sir Edward said it was now the time when he was permitted to pay another visit to Griselda, and he would not make so ill a compliment to the gentlemen as to apologize for a short absence. As soon as he was gone, captain Seymour said, with some hesitation,

"Pray, general, may I ask if you have ever seen Miss Templeman before?"

"Yes, captain Seymour, I have," returned the general, with a severity in his air, which for a moment checked inquiry.

"Perhaps you have seen her at the countess of Castlehowel's?"

"Lady

"Lady Castlehowel is a woman I do not visit."

"She was some time at a lady Cullen's?"

"I am as little in the habit of visiting the wives of knighted cheesemongers, as making one at the orgies of a peeress's gaming-table."

"Very true, general, but I—I—"

"You wish to know where I saw this girl, so I will satisfy your curiosity—I saw her asleep in lady Langdale's bed-room this morning, in an arm-chair; her long falling locks half hid her face, yet the contour of it struck me forcibly. Disturbed by our entrance, she started, shook back her locks, opened her eyes, and for a moment gazed on me, then smiled, and closed them again, unconscious of the tumult she had raised in my breast, which, I can assure you, captain Seymour, has not subsided since."

"It is very well, general, that lady Elinor has left us; such a confession might injure her peace."

"I am not jesting, captain Seymour. My regard for you induces me to tell you, that this girl is, I apprehend, whatever name she bears, no match for you, either in family or fortune; I have an idea that she is cousin, or half-sister, or in some way related to a person I was once too well acquainted with."

The captain coloured highly, and said something, in a low tone, of the respectability of a young person under the protection of lady Langdale.

"There may be very excellent reasons why a woman of family should protect one whom a man of family ought not to marry. The girl may be as good as she is handsome, for ought I know; she may even be well educated, for education is the order of the day: for these qualities she may deserve support, or she may be poor and need it, and it well becomes an amiable woman of rank to bestow such support; but it does not follow that we should intermarry with the beauty we admire, or the poverty

poverty we assist: disparity of rank must inevitably produce unhappiness, even where degradation is denied, on the supposition that a man can give to a woman what rank he pleases."

"There is so much truth in your observations, as far as they are general ones, my good sir, that I shall not pretend to contend the point. In fact, I do not even defend the proposition alluded to, which Richardson has so roundly asserted, that 'a woman sinks herself to her husband's rank, whereas he raises a wife to *his*;' for though it may be true to a certain extent, yet certainly when a gentleman marries a low-bred, vulgar woman, much more a woman of tarnished fame, he has for ever stamped degradation on his own character, and irreparably injured his posterity: but where circumstances have led a man to form an affection for a young woman, whose mind and manners are elegant, whose connections are respectable, and whose

conduct is irreproachable, surely, general, in such a case he——”

“Aye, aye! there it is! every lover is alike; in *his* case there are a thousand exceptions, which apply to no human being but himself.—Pray what does your uncle say to this?”

“At first he was angry, then sorry, and declared that no painter’s daughter should ever draw his estate.”

“So he goes on punning, I hear; I don’t wonder at his dislike of painters, and painters’ daughters; they are next of kin to musicians, and the whole tribe of them are devils in disguise—but go on.”

“I reminded him that the claims of genius had been in all ages paramount to rank; that one painter had cited his works as the highest heraldry, and had his claims allowed; that another, honoured through life, had expired in the arms of his sovereign; that the proudest of our own monarchs, reproving the false pride of a noble-

nobleman, had said, 'I can make lords any day as good as you, but God himself alone can make a painter;' and told him that the names of those men who once held Europe in subjection were only honoured at this day for their patronage of painters, to whose *more* illustrious names their own were tacked, as the only means of preserving their memories."

"Umph! pray proceed."

"He said my arguments proved only to him, that I had learned to *colour* too highly, and that I had studied the *line of beauty* till the contour of my head was a little warped, &c.—but when he found that Emily would not proceed in the affair till the return of her mother from Bengal, he said the girl was *well-mannered* he must confess, and there was less boldness in her *touches* than he had expected. He even consented for me to come here, saying, if a man was determined to throw away his fortune on a picture, he ought to see it in all its *lights and shadows*."

Sir

Sir Edward now returned, and brought the comfortable tidings that lady Langdale continued to improve; that she had heard with great pleasure of the arrival of Mr. Snowden, whose attentions she could rely on, and who intended to watch in the anti-room that night. The gentlemen soon after joined the ladies, who had added Mrs. White to their little party. The general, though lothe to yield, was observed to relax in the severity of his regards to Emily, and when he wished captain Seymour good-night, he whispered, "I am obliged to own you have the handsomest excuse for your folly I have met with lately."

Another day, and another, passed by, and the amendment of lady Langdale, though slow, was progressive. She was now permitted to see her child, and shed delightful tears upon his chubby cheeks; while her enraptured husband recalled to mind the agonizing hour when the dread of never again being permitted to see this happy moment had wrung his heart

heart to torture. She received, too, the visits of the general and her much-loved friend lady Elinor, and soon began to enjoy their company and join in their conversation. At length, she ventured to take short rides in the park; and as the weather was now delightful, every time she breathed the fresh air she gained an accession of health and strength, and though her bloom was fled, yet her eye sparkled, and her lip reddened with renovated life.

The baronet now returned to his deserted plans for celebrating the christening of his son, and had the satisfaction of taking his lady along with him in all his projects. The general saw, with the sincerest satisfaction, that it was not in the hour of parting alone when his impassioned heart was wrung with anguish, that the affectionate cares of sir Edward had been called forth; but that every hour of his existence bespoke the tender esteem and unabating love with which he regarded his wife, and gave proof of his own undeviating

ating rectitude of conduct. He beheld him, by a steady and liberal economy, rising above his pecuniary difficulties; diffusing his powers of utility by combining beneficence with industry, and the generosity of a noble and humane mind with the policy of a prudent one; and he now admired the penetration of a woman who had discovered the diamond of this man's soul amid the dross which once surrounded it, as much as he had once condemned the blindness which he then believed had led her to sacrifice all to a weak and mistaken passion; he remembered how oft, when he had begged her to assert her own virtue, by throwing this man for ever from her arms, she had answered—"Suffer me to 'let patience have her perfect work,' and you will yet, even in this my unhappy wanderer, find a man I ought to love, and even you shall be forced to esteem."

When lady Langdale was enabled to join the dear party, whom her presence made happy, she received great pleasure from
con-

conversing with lady Elinor on the subject of her various little charitable establishments at the Elms, and to find they were all flourishing under the eye of her kind and wealthy successor. She inquired into the particular situation of every family; and heard with delight, that, though her loss was lamented by the affection of her tenantry, it was nowhere deplored by their poverty. In the course of this conversation, lady Elinor, though with great delicacy, introduced the remark, that loss of fortune must have been a severe trial to one whose munificence and humanity were the most conspicuous parts of her character, since it prevented the indulgence of either.

“I am indebted to my excellent father,” said Griselda, “for a preservative against a regret which, but for his precept and example, would undoubtedly have been extremely afflictive to me; but a lesson he gave me on the subject, many years ago, was never forgotten. Like many other
young

young people, I was inclined to be profuse in my gifts; and by throwing my little all into the lap of the suffering, deprived myself of the power of extending my benefits, or, in some cases, of supplying my own necessities; this feeling my father thus reasoned upon :

‘ Generosity, my child, is a charming virtue, but it is sometimes a misleading one, since all who have warm hearts are inclined to it, and yet the exercise is necessarily forbidden to all but the peculiar favourites of fortune.’

‘ Surely, father, I may be generous; though I have but little to give, I may give that little freely.’

‘ No, Griselda; you cannot be generous out of a little; you can only be charitable.’

‘ What is the difference?’

‘ Generosity is the boon of a noble spirit—not bestowed on the object of pity, but of esteem or admiration. Charity is the gift of humanity and duty towards the distressed and unhappy, in whatever way
it

It is bestowed. The former is the privilege of rank and riches, and it is decidedly the most enviable part of their possessions; the latter is the sweet duty of every human being, and the particular characteristic of every sincere Christian.'

'But, my dear father, I should like to be both generous and charitable, to give both to those I love, and to those whom I pity.'

'But, my child, so long as my fortune is narrow, you cannot do both, and must therefore prefer the humbler to the more ostentatious virtue, both being equally delightful. The sum which would be a paltry gift to a man of genius, would be a mine of riches in a starving village; and though it is forbidden you to raise humble merit from obscurity, to reward the labours of the scientific mind, or raise monuments to perpetuate heroism, yet you may wipe the tear from an orphan's eye, give bread to the fainting widow, or restore the dying labourer to his weeping little ones; *more*
you

you cannot do and be just ; and remember what I have told you so often, and in so many ways, that justice is the first of all social duties ; that the claims of the poor, being prior to all others, involve this justice, since that which you give in generosity you cannot give in charity also. When you are rich, Griselda, be generous ; till then, be content to curb your wishes, and tread with your mother and myself the more humble path of charity.'

" Agreeable to this advice, the excellence of which I had seen exemplified in this house during my childhood, I returned to the custom of the manor, and have, in my narrower way, been, I hope, the means of blessing to many. I have found some difficulty in bringing sir Edward into my plans ; but as he always acknowledges their wisdom, I have no doubt but he will soon embrace them as far as I could desire him ; at present, he has a scheme more in unison with our feelings than our fortune, but I must own myself unable to oppose him."

" Is

“Is it a secret?”

“A profound one, but not to *you*. About a week ago he came into my room with a paper in his hand, on which he had been making calculations. ‘Griselda,’ said he, ‘on that night, that never-to-be-forgotten night, when I was losing you—he stopped for a moment, overcome with the recollection; then continued—‘on *that* night, in the very moment of despair, when suffering under such a load of heart-breaking anguish as I yet tremble to retrace, Heaven in mercy sent me relief by Emily, and not more blessed in itself than happy in its effects; at that moment, while my full heart overflowed in gratitude to Heaven, I promised myself to do something for the bearer of these grateful tidings. I believe my emotion was very natural, for the heart that glows under a sense of the goodness of God must be warm towards all his creatures; and as she was the means of conveying unutterable joy, my gratitude must have vent the best way it is able, though

though far inadequate to my wishes. I am therefore casting about for five hundred pounds, to give her to buy wedding-clothes; I should like to make it a thousand. In fact, when I look at you and reflect, I know not where to stop."

"Well," said lady Elinor, "I think his emotion so natural and so amiable, that I hope you did not check him. Surely, if ever a little act of imprudence were excusable, it would be in rewarding that sweet girl for her unwearied exertions."

"But I must plead guilty, nevertheless," returned Griselda, blushing as she shook off the tear that was straying down her cheek, "for I certainly did *check* him at that very moment."

"How could you, lady Langdale?"

"How! by straining him fondly to my grateful heart, and telling him to give away the wide world, so he left me but himself and his boy."

"A very pretty love-scene truly, after a three years' union! She is a charming girl

girl this Emily of yours; I wish the general would like her. You have not been with us, or you would have been often hurt at the manner in which he surveys her face; he has taken it into his head that she is somehow the sister, or rather half-sister, of poor Curson, of whom we have still remained in utter darkness."

"He must be completely mistaken; Emily has no relations but her mother and her brother, of whose arrival she is in daily expectation; but if he has such a suspicion, why does he not satisfy himself by inquiry?"

"He has been so often disappointed, that he dreads hearing even that he wishes to know. Fully persuaded that his daughter is dead, he yet trembles to have the news confirmed; but since his arrival here, he is become more reconciled to the painful circumstances of his daughter's loss, by considering you as the heir of his fortune, and the baronet as worthy to partake it."

"I am indebted for his kind intention;
but

but so fully am I persuaded that Mrs. Curson or some of her children are alive, that I am certain I should never be happy in the enjoyment of the general's estate. I remember sir Edward told me one day that Emily had sung you a song after dinner, which appeared to affect the general exceedingly, and desired me never to ask her either to sing or play. The likeness which affects him so much must be very striking; you have roused my curiosity, and like a true woman I shall satisfy it."

"I would have satisfied mine," replied lady Elinor, "by questioning the young lady, had I not observed that she is seldom able to speak of her father without being much affected, and I could not bear to open wounds which I had no prospect of healing. In a few days I may have an opportunity of inquiring a little about her family without appearing impertinent, for she has promised to take me into her boudoir, and show me the contents of her portfolio."

The gentlemen's entrance closed this
con-

conversation ; but a deep impression was made on the mind of Griselda by it, and she determined to write to a friend in Portsmouth, requesting him to lose no time, on the arrival of Mrs. Templeman and her son in the Channel, to persuade them to visit Yorkshire.—The festival, so long expected, now took place, and the heir of sir Edward was admitted into the Christian community, amid the acclamations of all the parishioners, and a truly respectable party of the surrounding gentry. As it was equally the wish of the baronet and the general that the ceremony should be performed by Mr. Berkeley in the parish church, those who might be considered household visitants went thither in the general's coach, which had now its full complement of horses and outriders, and exhibited the most splendid spectacle lately seen in that part of the country : but the general himself attracted still more admiration ; attached to the forms which obtained

in his youth, and coalesced with his style of living in the East, he wore a full dress suit of court regimentals, with a diamond-hilted sword, and a loop in his hat of the same precious materials; his fine form, gently bent by time, yet retained an air of majesty, now heightened by his dress and carriage, and his whole appearance carried an air of nobility which attracted universal deference and attention. Amused by the observations of the country people, who looked upon him as a kind of prodigy, he had never appeared in so happy a temper as at present, since he first set his eyes upon Miss Templeman; and sir Edward, on their return from church, was congratulating him on the efficacy of Yorkshire air, in amending his looks, when they perceived lady Langdale and Emily coming to meet the carriage, accompanied by little Charles, who had got a new hat for the occasion, and was throwing it up in the air, shouting as he advanced.

“ You

"You will frighten the horses," said Emily, taking the hat and putting it on her own head.

At that moment the carriage stopped, and the general being nearest the door, alighted.

"What an apparition!" said he, starting as he saw Emily—"Good God! what an apparition!"

Emily, who had not seen him since he was dressed, betrayed still more emotion, stepping hastily back and exclaiming, "Oh God! how incomprehensible!"

The words and looks of each made a strong impression on Griselda; but she was now surrounded by friends who were felicitating her on her amendment; and her remaining weakness scarcely allowed her spirits for the claims of such a festive day; yet all shared her attention, from the highest to the lowest. She now taking her husband's arm, requested he would once more lead her to the barn, where he had made so many improvements, hoping she

should see it with some additional ones at this time. The baronet once more led her in chastened triumph to the eventful spot, where all the people employed about his colliery, with their wives and children, were feasting on roast beef and Yorkshire plum-pudding. Many of these a year ago had been houseless wanderers, scantily employed, and poorly fed, often burdensome to their parishes, and useless to society. They were now in possession of comfortable cottages, regular employment, a certainty that their industry would be rewarded, and their misfortunes compassionated—that their labour ensured subsistence, and their sickness relief. Their happy countenances, and the healthy faces of their little ones, were indeed decorations to this humble hall, which made the heart glow with delight, while the eye glistened with a tear. This was a feast indeed to the feeling soul, and was tasted by the happy donors in all its genuine purity,

At the head of this party Tom presided,
a busy,

a busy, but a jovial master of the ceremonies. As the dinner was clearing off, and he obtained a moment's leisure, lady Langdale addressed him with—

“ This is a very fine sight, Tom, take it altogether.”

“ Why yes, my lady, zo it be ; I never zeed a finer, barring Newmarket spring meeting.”

“ Why, surely, Tom, a room full of happy men, with their wives and children, is equal even to a number of fine horses.”

“ Not quite zo genteel though, my lady ; but however, poor things, they can't help that—they be as God made 'em ; beauty be only skin deep.”

“ Tom has no taste for matrimony,” said sir Edward ; “ he would have preferred entertaining the men without these incumbrances.”

“ Belike a man may live to change his mind, your honnor. I knows what I knows,” said Tom, reddening and noddng.

“ So much the better, Tom ; we shall all

know in time, at least I must know," said Mr. Berkeley, smiling.

"Why yes, your reverence 'll know, zure enough, when I thinks o' settling; as I tells Anne, there's parson Barkeley commends marriage to all men—but I tak it this iz no time to talk about serious things. Here's to his honnor an' my lady; hurra, no disparagement to th' young un if he follows his father, say I."

Sir Edward, laughing at Tom's compliment, drank the health of his guests from a horn of his own ale, and withdrew. The day was spent in great good humour and cheerful temperance; and the friends parted much pleased with the elegant manners of lady Langdale and the manly politeness of the baronet, neither regretting headaches gained, or money lost, by their hospitable entertainment.

The next morning was spent by lady Langdale in restoring her family to its wonted regularity; but her mind was bent on obtaining for the general some satisfaction

faction on the points which interested him so much, without appearing to have had any previous conversation on the subject with lady Elinor, knowing his mind on this topic to be so exceedingly sore, that it was scarcely possible to touch on it with sufficient delicacy. She contrived that they should take coffee in the breakfast-parlour, and while they were there, she said, with a view of leading to the subject—

“Pray, general, do you not admire these views of Bolton Abbey?”

“Yes, they are very fine, but your county abounds in fine views; there are rivers and fountains, and Kirkstall and Roche Abbeys, all celebrated ruins, and many others.”

“I have heard my father say, Richmond in Yorkshire was the most picturesque spot he was acquainted with,” said Emily.

“Your father!” said the general; “don’t you mean your uncle, child?”

“I have only one uncle, and I never saw him,” returned she, simply.

"Pray, Emily," said lady Langdale, "did you ever know your grandfather?"

"No, ma'am; he died when I was about ten years old. My father was in London several weeks, in consequence of purchasing an annuity for my mother with the money he got at his decease; my mother's uneasiness at his remaining in London is the reason that I remember the circumstance; when he came home, he often spoke to Charles and me of our uncle, and brought us presents from him, but we never saw him."

"That was surprising," said lady Langdale.

"I used to think so; but when I expressed that surprise to either of my parents, they told me there were reasons for it which I was too young to understand."

"Mystery on mystery!" said the general; "I must decide it.—Pray, young lady, was not your mother married to a person
of

of the name of Curzon before she married your father?"

"Oh no, sir! that is quite impossible! my mama is only thirty-seven years old, and I am nineteen. I never heard the name of Curzon in my life."

"What was your mother's name before she married your father?"

"I never knew, sir. All I ever heard of my mother's family was simply this—my father would sometimes say, when he was advising me to learn any thing useful in domestic affairs—'Emmy, it is your duty to learn these things; your mother's example in this respect does not apply to you, for she was the only daughter of a rich man, and you are the unprovided child of a poor painter.'"

The general, greatly agitated, left the room; and Emily, fearing she had somehow grieved or offended him, looked around in evident confusion and distress.

"Do not be uneasy, my good girl," said lady Langdale, reassuring her. "We have

been putting you to a painful inquisition, which we would not have done without a sufficient cause ; but the fact is, that general Harcourt is so much struck with your likeness to a person he was very intimate with twenty years ago, that he could not help conceiving you related to him ; we have often, too, remarked your looking very earnestly at *him*, as if you had some recognition of him, and these circumstances combined induced us to make inquiries which would otherwise be inexcusable." As she concluded, the general returned, and took his seat in silence ; it was the intention of lady Langdale to have dropped a conversation which had affected him so much, and which did not lead to any conclusion ; but Emily, who was engaged at the tea-table, did not see the general retake his seat, and she therefore answered—

" I am very conscious that I have often looked at the general with a very scrutinizing eye, I confess, but that is no way surprising, my lady, if you recollect that
I was

I was a painter's daughter, and used from my earliest infancy to consider objects of beauty and interest with uncommon attention ; and so fine a face as his, who could see with indifference ?”

A loud laugh from the baronet and Seymour made Emily again look round, and she perceived, with astonishment, the general sitting near her.

“ Never mind them, my pretty maid,” said he, with a smile of encouragement, “ they are only jealous of your admiration of me ; go on to explain any further reasons you may have for admiring me.”

Thankful for the relief thus given, Emily said, “ I was saying, sir, what were the reasons why I sometimes looked at you with more than common earnestness ; to confess the truth, it is the uncommon resemblance I find in your forehead to that of my brother and lady Langdale. Distinct as is the age of the three, yet the likeness—the character, I would say, is precisely the same. My mother, too, has the same fore-

head, but in her it is less marked than in you ; in fact, Charles and you are as much alike as sixteen and sixty can possibly be."

" Indeed ! "

" Yes, indeed, general ; added to which, I have a drawing in my portfolio, a drawing—but I will run and fetch it."

" Chance sometimes produces a wonderful coincidence," said captain Seymour, alarmed by the agitation in the general's countenance.

The light-footed Emily returned, and opening a large portfolio, drew out several pictures ; at length she laid one before them in which were seen a group of figures, in which the nearest and most striking was so exceedingly like the general, as he had appeared in the costume of yesterday, that all the party immediately declared themselves struck by it, and lady Langdale said she now saw in a moment what had occasioned the emotion in Emily, on his alighting from the coach.

" What—what is the meaning of this
pic-

picture?" said the general, in great perturbation.

"The story," replied Emily, "is from Campbell's Poems; you see it is taken at the moment when lord Ulla's daughter has ventured on the stormy sea to avoid her father; this is her in the open boat, just going to sink with her Highland lover; while the father, repenting too late, stands distracted on the beach, crying, 'My daughter, oh, my daughter!' The words from the poem are written at the bottom."

"And your father painted this?" said lady Elinor.

"Yes," returned Emily, with a deep sigh, "it was one of the last efforts of his pencil—as such, to me it is very valuable; but it possesses a still dearer merit, for the lovers in this piece are portraits of my mother and himself."

"Do you recollect, my love, how your mother looked, or what she said, on seeing this drawing?"

"She never saw it, my lady. When it

was

was finished, my father gave it me, saying, 'Emily, this is too good a thing to be destroyed; but you must never leave it any where so as it can meet your poor mother's eye.'

"Merciful Heaven!" said the general, sinking on his chair pale as ashes; then rising again in haste, as the tide of life rose to his burning cheek, he seized on Emily, crying, "Tell me, child, have you any other picture of either parent?"

"I have three, sir," she returned, trembling at the violence of his manner, and deeply interested in the evident anxiety of her friends.

"Go, my love," said lady Langdale, "and bring them all—but you are pale, Emily—may I fetch them for you? perhaps there is one you have not ventured to look at lately?"

"Oh no, my lady, I am not so happy as to possess a portrait of my father; I have one of my brother, which I took myself, one of my mother taken when young, and another

another of a friend of hers ; they are by no means in my father's best style, but I will show you them directly."

While Emily left the room, sir Edward took up the drawing ; and observing some lines written with a pencil which were nearly rubbed out, he turned to decypher them, and read,

" Soon shall I rest beneath a grave
As fatal as this water,
And then lord Ulla thou shalt have,
Thy lov'd, thy long-lost daughter ;
Then shalt thou know that daughter dear,
Upon a bosom rested,
Most fond, most tender, most sincere,
Though now by thee detested."

Sir Edward was still employed over the poetry when Emily returned ; not wishing her own drawing to be inspected, she laid down the miniature of her brother on the table ; and as the cases of the other two were exactly alike, she opened by chance
the

the one she called the friend of her mother, and put it in the general's hands, at the same moment saying, "*This is my mother,*" and giving the other to lady Elinor.

"Oh God!—my wife! my Emily!" said the general, dropping the picture from his hands, and sinking almost lifeless on his seat.

"Support yourself, my dear," cried lady Elinor, throwing her arms around him, "and if it be possible, look at the picture in my hands; it is the mother of this angelic girl—the mother of a noble boy now hastening hither.—Oh look at it!"

"I dare not—cannot look.—Oh Elinor, I dare not look—I shall be again deceived; she calls it the *friend* of her mother."

"My mother," said Emily, extremely affected, "has wept over that picture many an hour; I therefore judge it to be a friend, a much-loved friend."

The general rose with a look of desperation; he took the other picture to the window,

window, wiped his eyes, looked upon it, exclaimed, " *It is, it is my child,*" and dropped senseless on the floor.

The judicious tenderness of those around the general in a short time succeeded in restoring him to life; but his senses not appearing to return with returning animation, lady Langdale suggested the propriety of opening a vein, which Tom, who was an expert practitioner, would do before a surgeon could be procured. Lady Elinor, extremely alarmed, and reproaching herself for her well-meant eagerness, thankfully consented, and Tom performed the operation with great success. In about half an hour the general became sensible of his own situation, and the interesting discovery which had taken place. He desired Emily, who had been purposely kept from his sight, to be brought to him. The lovely girl, agitated and trembling, scarcely knowing to what this great reverse of fortune might lead, threw herself on her knees beside him, unable to speak. The
general

general raised her with his left hand, and drew her towards him, calling, in imperfect accents, for blessings on her head, and thanking God for having given her to his prayers. The first impulse of joy now broke upon the mind of the timid girl, and she ventured to press her trembling lips on his forehead. The general felt the kiss of his child, and burst into a passion of sweet and salutary tears. They fell not unaccompanied by the tenderest tribute that sympathizing friendship could bestow—a kind of sacred joy, which led the mind to contemplate and adore that wonderful Providence, which had led two persons so nearly related, and so long and painfully parted, to meet under the roof of one who was the only family connexion of either, appeared so singular a blessing, that it led them not only to rejoice in the mercy now bestowed, but to confide in the divine goodness for all that was yet necessary to their happiness; and in beholding Emily, the general felt as if his long-lost daughter
and

and her son, whom his imagination represented as something "formed of more than earthly mould," were already before him. His heart, oppressed even to aching with delight, sought refuge from the intensity of his feelings in retirement; and taking the arm of her who was the faithful partaker of every pain and pleasure, he sought repose, but not till, by an emphatic pressure of the hand, he had assured captain Seymour, that his hopes of Emily were not likely to suffer injury, by a circumstance that now placed her in a situation that enabled her to *bestow* as much honour as she was till now likely to *receive* from the offer of his hand.

CHAP. VI.

THE trials of Mr. and Mrs. Curzon, during the period which had elapsed since their humble friends at Richmond had lost sight of them, will be more easily imagined than described by those who conceive the many difficulties which must arise to two young people so situated, without money or friends, of whom it might be said, "they could not dig, and to beg they were ashamed." Continually alarmed by that fatal advertisement in the papers, which denounced on *his* head all the terrors of the law, for having clandestinely spirited away an heiress, and which was the cause of her illness, as alluded to in the first volume of this work, they sought only to avoid

avoid every eye, and to pass their lives in obscurity. As this however was impossible, since every way of obtaining the means of life includes some degree of publicity, they resolved upon changing their names, and taking up their abode in Scotland; under the idea that a common name was least likely to subject them to remark, they adopted that of Wilson, which they communicated to John Mellor; but finding that from this circumstance they were liable to be often mistaken for persons of the same name, they removed from Dumfries to Edinburgh, where they adopted that of Templeman, which was not subject to the same inconvenience. Here Emily was born, and here want first stared her ill-fated parents in the face, for it was not easy to procure subsistence in Scotland without patronage, and this it was impossible for him to gain: after various efforts, he at last obtained the employment of teaching music at a boarding-school, on account of the extreme lowness of the terms

terms he offered, and which was dictated by the cruelty of pecuniary pressure. Once employed, his talents and unremitting industry procured him friends ; and in a short time he was enabled to procure more comfortable accommodations for his Emily and his infant, and the near prospect of another ceased to appal him : but, alas ! a new evil now arose, for soon after she had blessed him with a boy, her beauty became the object of attention to several, whom the elegance of her person and carriage, contrasted with the humility of her situation, induced to believe there was something extraordinary in her situation, of which they were but too willing to take advantage, and which the continual absence of her husband, on his professional business, would give them the opportunity of effecting. Naturally timid, and habituated to be ever under the immediate eye of a watchful parent, or a husband equally vigilant and tender, the mind of Emily reposed, with trembling helplessness, on him
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For perpetual protection ; and the moment she conceived that an improper look was directed to her, became alarmed even to dread, and would not bear to live out of the presence of her husband, whose anxiety to comply with every wish of her heart, induced him to forego his engagements in a manner which he saw must be injurious to his interest ; he therefore applied himself to the cultivation of his talents as an artist ; and while endeavouring to improve, during the hours devoted to his wife, he had the misfortune to find that an English nobleman, then visiting in Edinburgh, had designs against his honour and hers of the most nefarious nature. Unhappily, his person was known to this nobleman while he was in the army, and therefore, if, in the transport of just indignation, he stepped forward as the protector of his wife, he was liable to be seized as the stealer of an heiress, and that wife be thus thrown into the very hands from whence he sought to deliver

liver her. Alarmed, he hastily collected his debts as well as he was able, and in the hope that the house of his old friends at Richmond would afford his family a temporary asylum, he hastily set out for that place.

His disappointment at Richmond was at that time very severe, as the young child was rendered very ill by the journey, and its unhappy mother, who had relied on finding a kind nurse at the end of her removal, sunk into the most alarming depression of spirits. Not knowing whither to bend his steps, after a short consideration he fixed on the town of Leeds, as a populous and flourishing place, where it was probable he might find some employment, and accordingly set forward thither. But on arriving at the village of Masham, the little one appeared so ill, that they found it expedient to stop there; and in the course of the next week, he had not only the pain of laying his poor boy in the village

village churchyard, but of seeing his Emily stretched on a sick-bed, where she lay several weeks with little hopes of recovery.

Although these complicated misfortunes could not have occurred at any place where the expences would have been half so easy, yet even here they had so completely exhausted his finances, that his little purse scarce contained the means of conveying his family to Leeds. When the moderate bills of the honest landlord and the conscientious apothecary were discharged, and he was pondering on the possibility of procuring the means of subsistence in a large, and of course expensive place, for even a week, a gentleman's servant, whom he had observed pass and repass the little inn several times, was at last shewn into him by the landlord.

The man, making an awkward bow, as if fearful of giving offence, presented a letter directed to Mrs. Templeman ; the husband took instant alarm—"What," cried he,

persecuted here also ! Who sent this letter ? It is not for me !”

“ Then it is for your wife, sur ; that’s the same, I take it. As to who sent it, sur, my master is pretty well known in these parts. Nothing bad comes from *Swinton*, I take it.—Good-bye, sur.”

Mr. Curzon unfolded the paper, which was a blank cover, containing a ten-pound note. Never was relief more seasonable—yet a bitter pang mingled in the joy it gave—“ Alas !” said he, “ is it come to this ? am I indeed so very a beggar that my poverty is read in my face ? Oh Emily ! Emily ! are you saved from starving by the bounty of a *stranger* ?”

Conscious that these were feelings unworthy of himself and the generous donor, he wrote a hasty, but polite and grateful note, which he left by the lahdlord, for the servant had vanished, and now proceeded to Leeds. So much had her illness, and grief for the loss of her child, impaired the

the

the little courage and self-command poor Emily had ever possessed, that, on her arrival there, she positively declared she would not part with him even for an hour. He was therefore under a necessity of offering his talents to the public merely as a miniature-painter; and in that capacity, after some weeks of painful solicitude, at length met with employment, and experienced considerable attention, from the hospitable inhabitants.

Mr. Curzon remained in Leeds till he became the father of another boy, when finding himself considerably improved in the art he had now decidedly adopted, he formed the design of removing to Newcastle, where he had reason to believe he could gain higher prices. He did so, and continued two years; after which, as his family was not increased, he travelled to most of the large manufacturing towns in the kingdom, always avoiding the metropolis where it was possible, or remaining confined during their stay in it, lest some

unfortunate rencounter should occasion him to be recollected. For the same reason he avoided all watering-places, or any scenes of fashionable resort, residing entirely in his own apartment, except when, in the shades of evening, he sought air and exercise in some sequestered walk with his still idolized wife and his beloved children.

At length, during a temporary residence in Birmingham, he saw the death of his father announced by the public prints. This person was a gentleman farmer in Norfolk, of respectable family, and good fortune. Having taken for his second wife a widow, with a large family of children, his own sons, Mr. Curzon and an elder brother, had become in a great measure estranged to their home many years before; and the untoward circumstances in which Mr. Curzon had stood for some years, had prevented him from having any correspondence with his family, beyond an assurance of his existence. He was therefore not much surprised at finding this the only medium

dium of his becoming apprized of this event; but he now conceived it his duty to run some risk of his personal safety, to ensure such legacy as he still hoped a sense of justice, if not of parental love, had ensured for him; and accordingly prevailed on Emily to permit him to depart for Norfolk, which she was the more willing to accede to, as she now saw the daily increasing necessity of placing her son at some seminary where his education could be attended to, as his father's employment forbade him to undertake it; and though she could teach Emily, she found her son, a fine lively lad, was above her hands.

With her consent, therefore, he set out to Norfolk, and had the satisfaction to see his brother still the kind relative he had ever known him, and happy to pay into his hand the sum of three thousand pounds, which was the legacy left him by his father, whenever he should appear in person to claim it. He found his brother a married man, surrounded by a large family of
13 hopeful

hopeful children, with whom he *too* had been involved in considerable difficulty, before the late event, by giving him a small family estate, had enabled him to provide for them agreeable to his wishes. He expressed a great desire that a brother so beloved should settle in his neighbourhood; but the dreadful interdict which, for any thing he knew, still hung over his head, prevented him from accepting this fraternal offer, not even then entrusting his brother with the name he now bore, though he agreed to correspond occasionally with him by another.

As the money thus happily bequeathed was in the funds, it became a somewhat difficult matter to arrange the business Emily had mentioned of purchasing with it an annuity for her mother, which was the first wish of this generous husband, and occasioned him to remain longer in London than was comfortable to his family. After this period, he became of course much more easy in his circumstances; his boy
received

received the advantages of a liberal education; and the improvement in the appearance of his family induced more people to employ him as an artist, since poverty is the surest bar to preferment of any kind.

Incessant labour, joined to great anxiety, had for some time been making grievous inroads on the constitution of Mr. Curzon, though so gradual, that they were not remarked by his lady, whom it was in every point the business of his life to shield from pain of every kind. Sensible of the loss of his strength, he had become the more anxious to secure independence for her, in which he thought he included a provision for his daughter. Had he been more careful of his own health, and indulged himself at this period with the relaxation necessary for his exhausted powers, or had he been blessed with the cares of a more homely partner, it is probable his valuable life might have been preserved to a good old age; but, alas! his labours became more unremitting the

more productive they were; and as soon as it appeared possible for him to procure more than subsistence for his family, the more desirous was he to ensure them fortune. On the other hand, his wife, though dotingly fond of him, was so entirely a stranger to the domestic duties of their humble establishment, that she could not relieve him of even those cares, still less provide for his personal comforts; and though his Emmy was the only nurse and cook he had, and was ever solicitous to attend to his wants, yet her inexperience was utterly inadequate to the task; and by slow degrees he fell into a disorder which might be more properly called gradual decline than pulmonary consumption, but which proved equally fatal.

Its effects were precipitated, from his generously jumping into the sea, during a temporary residence at Portsmouth, to save the life of a stranger who could not swim, and who had the misfortune to be in a boat returning to the shore, which was
run

run down by a vessel. This stranger proved to be the earl of Castlehowel, who was returning from paying a farewell visit to the captain of a man-of-war lying off Portsmouth. The earl was not ungrateful; he inquired into the circumstances of his deliverer, and became acquainted with his family. Mr. Curzon was rendered extremely ill from a pain in his chest, occasioned by his exertions in delivering the earl; and the medical men who attended him declared, that a residence for some time in a warmer climate was the only circumstance which gave him a chance for life. The distraction of his wife was inconceivable, for she had not allowed herself to behold the pit which yawned beneath her feet, till the moment when she found herself upon its brink. Her distress awoke the compassion of their noble visitant; and, though a man little used to exertion, he left no means untried to procure that kind of assistance which this unhappy family stood in need of. By his care, places were procured in

an East India vessel, designed to touch at the Madeiras, and an appointment for Charles as midshipman procured on board the same vessel; but it was found impossible to gain admission for Emily also; therefore the earl ventured to promise her the protection of his countess, who, having some recent errors to be forgiven, or some favourite point to carry, condescended to admit the daughter of him who had saved the life of her husband, as a favour of no small merit.

Over the parting of this darling child, from parents she had never left an hour before from her very birth, we must necessarily cast a veil. The sorrows of the mother seemed to border on distraction. The deep, the dreadful anxiety of the father, can only be conceived by him who has been condemned to cast so fair a jewel on the mercy of a world it has been his misfortune to estimate too justly. Yet this fond, though unhappy father, had a consolation unknown to many; he could rely
not

not only on the principles, but the judgment of his child. He had given her that kind of education which had not only secured general accomplishments, but particular endowments; and in the few broken sentences he was enabled to utter, he strongly insisted on the necessity there was for her to continue to cultivate her talents, as the means of giving her independence; and besought her to remember what he had so often said, that virtue and independence, however practised and acquired, were the only true riches. Although Mr. Curzon ever fondly nourished the hope, that should his illness prove fatal, of which he apprehended there was little doubt, that the general would then receive his wife and children into favour, he yet deemed it imprudent, under present circumstances, to confide this important secret to Emily, fearing that it might be the means of her indulging in visionary schemes which might end in disappointment, when they had unfitted her for those exertions which might

hereafter be necessary. His weeping wife acquiesced in these reasons; and they contented themselves with commending her to Heaven, and deeply impressing on her aching heart that truth which was her only consolation—that the Father she *had* in *heaven* would protect and bless her.

The steady propriety of her conduct, unseduced by the gay scenes around her on the one hand, unwarped by the mortifications she frequently endured on the other, proved that the care of her parents had not been bestowed in vain. The acuteness of her penetration led her soon to discover, that in the rosy mansion of luxury, where she now resided, there were thorns unknown to the rugged path her infancy had trod, and even a species of poverty unfelt in the humble lodging to which she had been accustomed; but when she found that amusement was made the means of a detestable traffic, that her patroness was a pitiful gambler, who appeared the priestess of pleasure while she was plotting the ruin
of

of the thoughtless and inexperienced, her heart recoiled with horror, and the thoughts of escaping from such a scene of pollution perpetually occupied her thoughts. Innocent as she was, the belief of another's guilt broke on her mind by slow degrees, but once known, its impression was indelible. She began to perceive that her presence attracted strangers, who addressed her with familiarity, and demanded rather than courted attention; and that when she complained of this to her patroness, she was laughed at for the rusticity of her manners, or chid for her affectation of prudery; at the same time, some splendid article of dress, or some scheme of pleasure, was ever held out as a temptation to bring her into company, and tend to render her person more alluring. She now became seriously alarmed, and endeavoured to contrive some method of escape from the Circean toils in which she struggled; and at length, by one bold, though painful effort,

effort, fled from the enchanted castle, as we have already mentioned.

While the daughter was thus employed, a very different scene occupied her unfortunate mother. Hers was the dreadful task to bear a thousand deaths in fearing one; to pass from hope to fear, through all the dreadful vicissitudes of doubt; and see, hour by hour, the treasure of her heart wasted like a taper, whose extinction must involve that heart in all the blackness of unutterable sorrow.

But who shall bind the energies of the human mind, or prescribe a line love cannot pass? The weak, the gentle Emily, so long upheld by the arms of her beloved, so incapable of buffeting adversity, or even sustaining it, at this awful period, the most severe her mind had ever conceived of human endurance, and from the bare contemplation of which she had hitherto shrunk in terror, even *she* became strong to suffer, and, with unwearied diligence
and

and power, sustained the mighty task allotted, with all that fortitude and pious resignation which alone could sooth the pillow of her departing lord, and cast a ray of light on the awful hour. Not less anxious for his comfort than vigilant to procure it, a kind of supernatural activity seemed to seize on her mind and actuate its efforts—'twas the inspiration of conjugal love, whose sublime sympathy tramples on difficulty, and oversteps all common calculations on action or conduct.

But when that glistening eye had ceased to ask support, when the lamp of life no longer sought the hand that had sustained it—then, Emily, where sunk that energy which had so long upheld thee? Alas! the widow, and the *widow* alone, can estimate the dreadful change—can tell what is that awful difference which affects the wretched being who exchanges the exertion of agony for the calmness of despair, and sees the utter extinction of that hope, nursed in defiance of reason, and whose
very

very existence is perhaps only discovered at the moment it expires.

Yet Emily lived !—She was a *mother*—and her tears flowed on the bosom of her son. For him she yet existed, and for her lovely Emily, far distant as she was. The last words of her beloved husband had recommended her to pursue her voyage to India ; and, with her son in her hand, to appear before her father, to call on his justice to acknowledge her son as his legal heir, and beseech him in pity to pardon an error of which she yet never could repent. His will was alone sufficient to determine her conduct, even if her children had not possessed a right to expect this exertion, and she therefore left Madeira with the first vessel that favoured her design. It is unnecessary to say that the general had returned to England with the homeward-bound vessels, at the very time she was nursing her sick husband at the Madeiras.

When the first tumult of feeling had subsided at the Grange, each party became

came possessed of these and many other interesting circumstances; but it was observed with pain by both sir Edward and lady Langdale, that notwithstanding Emily received every mark of the general's goodwill with the most lively gratitude, yet in every moment when she was not observed, a cloud of deep thought sat on her brow, which argued a mind ill at ease. The baronet at first concluded some little difference had arisen betwixt her and her lover, but on hinting this to captain Seymour, he was assured to the contrary by that gentleman, who lamented with him that the observation was too just, and declared, in the fullness of his heart, that proud as he had felt of being allied to the general, yet neither the respectability of the alliance, nor the splendid fortune it was probable he might enjoy with Emily, could atone to him for any abatement in her happiness; and he earnestly requested sir Edward and lady Langdale would leave no means untried to develop her present uneasiness, and enable

able him, if possible, to be the happy cause of its removal.

Griselda, with that delicate attention to the feelings of others which had ever been her peculiar characteristic, the very night after the discovery, wrote to the poor Mellors at Richmond, to inform them the general was then at the Grange, and to request they would come over as soon as possible; the honest couple were put into great alarm by this requisition, for never having been able to obtain any further information of the Curzons, they concluded that the "grand gentleman," as they always designated the general, began to be tired of paying them for doing nothing; and they prepared to obey his summons, full of fearful expectation, and determining, with great prudence, to walk to the Grange, though it was near forty miles, lest they should never be able to ride again.

From this act of caution, it was not till the fifth day after their summons had been sent when they trudged up to the Grange.

The

The family-party were walking in the park, with the Miss Whites, when lady Langdale descried them, and proposed meeting them ere they took the circuit which led to the back part of the house. Her proposal was instantly complied with; and the honest couple, in a few minutes, found themselves all at once surrounded, as John said, "by soa monny fine folks, he was perfectly stounded."

"Well, John," said the general, "you have never found me a grandchild at Richmond yet."

"Why, noa; your worship's out o' luck, and soa am I, more's the pity."

"Well, but I have found *one* myself; so pray look about, and tell me among these young ladies, which you take to be her?"

The girls at this moment all pulled off their bonnets, when Betty, springing forwards, seized Emily's arm, crying, "Oh bless his eyes!—there they are again to be sure, and every fatar of his handsome face, nobbut

nobbut a little fairer and less, being a woman like."

"Why to be sure, Miss is a perfect picture of poor Mr. Curzon, that's for sartin," said John, "if she'd a man's hat on her head now."

Captain Seymour came playfully forward, offering his; but the general coldly repulsed it, saying, "Enough, enough! for Heaven's sake, let us have no further proofs that Emily is like her father; 'tis my comfort that she bears at least the name of her *mother*, and that her mind has much resemblance to my daughter's."

The captain instantly replacing his hat on his own head, turning to Emily, said, "Allow me to tie on your bonnet; your face is at all times so feminine, I can scarce believe you very like a *man* after all these proofs; but, at any rate, the moment your bonnet is on, you will lose this unfortunate resemblance."

As he approached, Emily recoiled, at the same moment throwing her bonnet on the
the

the ground, with marks of indignation in her countenance ; her bosom heaved—her animated face, now pale as death, and now reddening in every vein, bespoke the agitation which wrung her bosom. After a few unequal efforts, she at last exclaimed—“ Unfortunate did you say ?—*unfortunate* ? ”—and burst into a passion of tears.

An awful silence sat on every tongue ; the general, whose haughty spirit had, not a moment before, rose to condemn the memory of Curzon, stood transfixed before his “ softened image,” as if it were the beatified spirit of the man he had condemned ; and captain Seymour, who, for the first time, had felt the lightning of an angry eye from the woman he loved, stood pierced by its electric flash. In a few moments, the passion thus awakened in this gentle being subsided ; she shook off her tears ; and advancing a few steps towards the general, thus addressed him, in an attitude of dignified entreaty—

“ Do not, sir, I entreat you, impute
this

this to ingratitude to *your* kindness, or insensibility to the honour of *your* alliance, for with both I am deeply affected, and duly thankful to my God, and, under him, to you ; but such is the impression upon my mind of my father's worth, that I protest, most *solemnly* protest, that I had infinitely rather be again consigned to the obscurity and poverty from which you have so recently drawn me, than exposed to hear reflections on *him*, which wound my feelings in the only point I am unable to bear. On this point, unacquainted as I am with the circumstances which preceded the union of my parents, I am so fully persuaded of their *equal* worth, that although I can make some allowance for *your* feelings towards my deceased parent, I can make none for any other person's ; and I think it my duty, in your presence, to acquaint captain Seymour, that Charles Curzon's daughter is as proud of his name as she will be of any other ; and that a serious offence against *his* memory could tear even

even a husband from a heart that is capable of feeling the fondest affection of a faithful wife."

The captain took her hand, unable to speak: but his manners evinced how deeply he was affected by her grief, and how justly he appreciated her sentiments.—She continued—

"My father was one of those rare beings whom no rank could more ennoble, no fortune render more illustrious. During eighteen years in which he struggled with a world ignorant of his merits, his virtues suffered no diminution, his first ardent love sustained no blight. In him were blended the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a husband, the kindness of a friend, and even the cares of a servant.—All the information of a cultivated mind, the stores of a brilliant imagination, and the powers of a commanding genius, were united to these characters, in forming the companion to which your daughter was united, and which made her, in despite of fortune,

fortune, a woman whom thousands might envy. And shall a daughter, fostered as I have been by this exalted being, blush for the likeness which Heaven has stamped upon my face, and shrink from the memory of him to whom I owe whatever of good is imprinted on my mind? May Heaven forbid!—No, sir! it is my determination, not only to remember, to regret, but to be *proud* of my father. If my honesty offends you, send me to my uncle, who may now be found with ease, and transfer to Charles, who is indeed your own image; the kindness you have bestowed on me, and forget the ill-fated girl who bears her father in her face, and triumphs in the likeness.”

“Never, never, my noble girl!” said the general, as his streaming tears fell on that lovely face; “never will I wound them more. I have been much to blame, Emily, but not from my heart—*that* has had too many proofs of poor Curzon’s worth, not to esteem him as I ought.”

This

This precious tribute to his memory restored at once the sweetest complacency to the mild features of Emily ; and the party returned to the house by no means dissatisfied with a *dénouement* which had developed the cause of her pain, and shewed, in a new point of view, the noble soul and just sentiments of this most amiable girl. As they returned, poor John Mellor and his faithful rib learned, with heartfelt pleasure, that Mrs. Curzon and her son were daily expected in England, and with joyful gratitude, that their annuity was settled upon them for life, in addition to which the general at this time made them a handsome present.

The following week announced the arrival of the *Amphictrion* in the Downs, on board of which was Mrs. Curzon and her son. This joyful news placed the family in motion ; it was agreed that the general and lady Elinor, with their newly-acquired relative, should set out for the Elms, while captain Seymour should proceed immediately

ately to Portsmouth, to give Mrs. Curzon the meeting, and inform her of those happy events which had lately taken place in her family, and which were most likely to comfort her for the irreparable loss she had sustained. The extreme agitation the general now experienced was such as, for a day or two, to threaten his health and retard his journey; and captain Seymour was very near performing his promise of crossing the kingdom, and bringing his new guests into Gloucestershire, before he should be ready to receive them.

It was the earnest desire of the general that sir Edward and his lady would accompany them to the Elms, but this many circumstances rendered inconvenient at this time, and to the latter appeared impracticable, as she neither could bring herself to leave her child, nor risk its health by so long a journey, as it was now about the age when she had the misfortune to lose her first; they were therefore contented to part till the following spring,
when

when they had agreed to visit sir William Elland, and could, with convenience, prolong their stay in that country by going to the Elms.

About an hour before they set out, Emily, no longer able to restrain her tears, notwithstanding her extreme anxiety to meet her mother, left the room, and was followed by lady Langdale. The general, though scarcely less affected, pretended to joke on Emily's distress; but finding his efforts unsuccessful, he turned to sir Edward, saying—"I understood from lady Elinor you had a present to buy this baggage wedding-clothes; I hope you do not mean to cheat the poor girl out of her finery? I know no better way of drying tears from a young lady's eyes."

"Women are strange tell-tales," said the baronet, shaking his head at lady Elinor; "a man cannot be civil to a pretty girl now-a-days but his wife must blab; I shall certainly call lady Langdale to account for this."

"But you evade my question, baronet; have you got a present for Emily or not, hey?"

"In this pocket-book, general, I have that which I meant for a present for Emily Templeman; but the fact is, I am not worth any thing I could with propriety offer to general Harcourt's grandchild."

"Isbeg you will give it her, sir Edward; it is an offering which is equally honourable to you both; she shall expend it in jewels, which may serve as a memento of your friendship and her merit.—Truly happy shall I be, when, by a nearer residence to each other, the intercourse which has been so happy in itself, and productive of such singular blessings to me, shall be renewed."

Sir Edward thanked the general with great cordiality for his kind professions; and lamented that it must be some time before the Grove could be inhabited—

"Surely, if I could be of any service to-
wards

wards effecting so desirable an end, you would command me."

The baronet bowed, but reddened—

"My affairs are in a good train, general, a very good train; for my colliery here is very productive, and will release the Grove much sooner than I expected."

"Excuse me—could you not employ more money to advantage in that concern, and thus expedite the business?"

"Yes, general; but I have caught Griselda's spirit by infection, I believe, for I find I cannot borrow money."

"Not even from your *friend*?—Well, I will not urge it, for I like your independence.—But, baronet, your boy has ten thousand pounds in the funds, which he cannot want for twenty-one years; and not to employ such a sum in the way most beneficial to yourself and the community, would be, in my opinion, childish."

"I don't understand you, general."

"Look into your own heart, baronet, and it will quicken your comprehension."

I entered your house a poor old man, laden with riches, that served only to oppress him with perpetual regrets. I leave it rich in comforts, which you have been the means of presenting me. You cannot deny me the satisfaction in my turn of making my godson a present with my own hands, to save my executors the trouble."

Miss Edgeworth has, with great truth, said, "That many know how to give, but few know to receive—the truly generous do both;" and therefore this noble token of the general's love was received with the same pleasure with which it was given by the baronet and his lady—for they were of that number.

The carriages were now at the door, and final adieus were given and exchanged. The general observed, as he seated himself betwixt lady Elinor and Emily, that he had entered the house like a thief in the night, but he left it like a triumphant hero, and carried away spoils that would grace a conqueror. As he spoke, the chariot

riot drove off; and sir Edward, turning round, said, as he took the hand of his Griseida—"And you have left spoils, my good general, such as the greatest conqueror might envy, but never could deserve."

This little sally brought a smile on her cheek that chased away the recent tear; but a train of pensive, but not unpleasing thoughts, rose on the minds of both, as they recollected the eventful night to which the general had alluded; tenderness to each other, and piety to that heavenly Father who "chasteneth those whom he loveth," and "only wounds to heal," arose from the contemplation of this and every other dispensation of his providence towards them; and the language of Job appeared highly applicable to the baronet—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now will I keep thy word."

The day following, the baronet resumed his long-suspended, though not neglected avocations, with unusual zest. To his ac-

tive spirit, the accumulation of business was in itself a pleasure, from the celerity with which he found himself capable of dispatching it. His dependants every where rejoiced to see him return, assured of his attention, his impartiality, and support; he found many anxious to enter his service, and was assured of the mutual advantage to be gained by employing them; so that the general's provision for extending the work was indeed acceptable and beneficial, as he had observed, alike to him and to those around him. In this circuit round his farm and village, he was attended by Tom, who now ventured to express his wishes to be settled in a house of his own, and begged to have the first his honour had to let—a request not only readily agreed to, but accompanied with the most friendly and generous offers of service; and Tom now found it was a more profitable, as well as creditable thing, to be the servant of a country gentleman of small fortune, than the dashing groom of a dashing baronet,

net, whose profuseness rendered him too poor to be either generous or just.

About ten days after the departure of the general, they learned from Emily, that her mother and brother, under the escort of captain Seymour, had arrived at the Elms the day after the general got home, and were received by him with the most unbounded marks of affection, and towards Charles, of admiration. She added, that although her mother was extremely altered, from her long sufferings since she left England, yet, on the whole, she was in tolerable health, and much pleased with the gentleman who was on the eve of becoming her son-in-law; so that the present situation of all parties was as happy as possible, and desired only their presence to have all they wished.

"Heaven grant them a continuance; and an *increase* of their happiness," said Griselda, "if that be possible!"

"It is very possible," said the baronet;

“ and when Seymour has learnt ‘ how much the wife is dearer than the bride,’ he will, like *me*, feel a happier man than he can possibly be now.”

CHAP. VII.

IN the spring of 1812, colonel Barnet and his beloved Maria once more revisited their native country, after an absence of about five years, which had included many dangers and many sufferings, but had never divided for a moment their fond and faithful hearts from each other. During the latter part of this period, their communications with the mother country had been much broken upon ; and they had been particularly unfortunate in not having received

ceived lady Langdale's letters, whose correspondence, as far as depended on herself, had been unbroken.

In the earlier part of their absence; during a time of severe suffering, lady Langdale had ever written to Mrs. Barnet with frankness, and had even adverted to certain pecuniary losses which had obliged them to leave the Grove; but she had never given the slightest hint of any impropriety in the conduct of sir Edward; and when a long lapse in her correspondence took place, accounted for it only by mentioning the bad state of her health; and the subsequent death of her child: but when she was settled at the Grange, and her grateful heart bounded with delight at the altered character of sir Edward, she could not help sometimes boasting of his virtues, or exulting in his affection, when writing to a friend whose affectionate heart would sympathize in her joy. That which she had concealed with so much propriety found, however, ready wings even across
 x 6 the

the wide Atlantic ; and the letters of many friends abounded with accounts of the vice, profligacy, and eventual ruin of sir Edward Langdale, with as little consideration for Mrs. Barnet's feelings as if they had concluded with the sententious Frenchman, that there was " something in the misfortunes of our best friends that was not disagreeable to us ;" and for a considerable time she was compelled to lament over her friend as a sufferer in all those points she had so pathetically, although uselessly predicted, as the sorrows her marriage must inevitably produce.

These accounts, exaggerated as they had been by accusations sir Edward in his worst moments never merited, were followed by allowances that he was better in his conduct, but ruined in his health and circumstances ; and that the reason why he was shut up in the country could be found only in his utter inability to leave it. From the contradictory accounts of Griselda and their other correspondents,

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet concluded that things were indeed very bad, but that Griselda made the best of them; and she flattered herself that this dear friend, in her anxiety to impose her husband upon the world as a good one, was sometimes able to cheat herself into the same happy deception, in which humours she had most probably indulged at those moments when her letters had "run wanton in his praise." Griselda had denied herself the pleasure of informing her of the accident her son had met with, lest it should awake painful fears for his future safety; and of course the part sir Edward had acted in that affair was unknown to her, or it would probably, in the eyes of the fond mother, have been a salvo for all his failings: as it *was*, between truth told and truth left untold, the poor baronet held much the same place in the esteem of this worthy couple that he did on their leaving England; and the universal phrase, that sir Edward Langdale was "an altered man," produced only one image in their minds,

minds—that he was poor, and looked poor; that he was ill, and looked ill; and that in him would be found completed, the common transition to be found in men of fashion when they are done up, *i. e.* the handsome buck becomes the emaciated sloven.

With this man (whatever he might be) they had immediate business, for under his roof lived their only son; and for his kindness, in personally receiving him from the hands of their departed parent, they were at least thankful. With him, too, they should find a woman they loved as much as they pitied; and towards his house their first eager steps were directed. Having suffered much from stress of weather, they had put into port at Whitehaven—a circumstance they did not regret, as they found it lay by no means inconveniently for their route into the northern part of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The Barnet family consisted of the colonel, his lady, two little girls, an English
servant,

servant, and a black woman; with these, placed in two postchaises, they pursued their way with as much expedition as possible. They slept at Kendal the first night after their landing; and being much fatigued from the badness of the roads, did not set off early in the morning following; so that it was evening, though still early, when they found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Grange.

It will readily be conceived, that thoughts of their boy occupied the heart of either parent, and that the little conversation which passed respected *his* person, *his* improvement, and the surprise he would evince. Finding they were only about three miles from the Grange, many an eager look was cast on every side; and Maria began to call to mind every thing she had heard lady Langdale say of the Grange, which might enable her to judge of the precise situation of the house. Then came a thousand fears, lest the family should be from home—lest Charles should be sent

to school; and they regretted exceedingly that their impatience to get forward had prevented their making such inquiries as, it was probable, the master of the last inn where they took horses could have furnished them with. Vexed at this omission, they applied to the postilion for information; but as he was an entire stranger in the country, he whistled to his companion to draw up alongside, and tell the gentleman "summut about sir Edward." The boy loved the name of sir Edward, for his father worked on his estate; and in his readiness to answer the inquiry, he drove right against a grinding-wheel, which stood at the end of a village they were then entering, and instantly overturned the carriage.

In this unlucky vehicle were the black woman and her youngest charge; and the terror of colonel and Mrs. Barnet will be easily conceived. They instantly alighted; and as a number of people ran out, the affrighted daughter of Africa was soon got out, with the babe held fast to her faithful breast.

breast, and it was soon found neither had received any injury. Among others who had assisted in extracting her from her perilous situation was a clergyman, who was riding past at the time the accident happened. He now politely offered to conduct the whole party to a public-house at a little distance, observing, that it would be half an hour at least before the carriage could be refitted.

As their principal luggage was contained in the disabled carriage, there appeared a necessity for submitting to this delay; and thankful the matter was no worse, they instantly acceded to the proposal, and in a few minutes were ushered into the parlour of the Woolsack.

Mrs. Barnet, relieved from her fright, felt her curiosity and anxiety return—"Do you know," said she, "whether sir Edward Langdale is at home at this time?" speaking to the landlady.

"Why no, madam; I think he's hardly at th' Grange by now, for tisn't half an hour since

since he went past ; an when I hard at your chay had broken down, says I to our John, says I, ' what a pity it is at his honnor's gone past, for if he'd a been here, he'd a dun some good,' an that's what he likes."

" How unfortunate !" exclaimed Mrs. Barnet ; " was the baronet on horseback ?"

" Yes, madam ; he were on his auld hors, and little master upa' th' Shetland gal-loway."

" What little master ?" said the mother, eagerly.

" Ah madam ! but you be a streanger in these parts, or ye'd a known master Charles ; he lives at th' Grange all along, an they love him just for all th' world as if he were their own flesh and blood ; they say his feyther's a great captain beyond seas ; but howsomdever he wants neither feyther nor mother, poor lamb, not he ; for I think when his honnor ventured his own precious life for him, he made him his child, as one may say."

" How

"How did he venture his life for him?" said the colonel.

"Bless your heart, sir, it's three years ago now since he was bringing him home to the Grange; an, poor little thing, ye see, he's one o' them sort o' childer at's never out a mischief, and soa what does he do but gits into the river, and there he was fairly drowned, as one may say, whan his honnor got him oot, which he'd mich ado to manage; and there every boddy thout him ded as a door-nail; but his honnor wad *not* give him up, but rub'd an rub'd at un wi his own hands many an hoor, till at last life came into him again, as one may say.—Aye, madam, you cry noo; but if ye'd seen his honnor when he came out o' his fever, what would ye ha said then, I wonder?"

"Had sir Edward a fever?" said the colonel.

"Aye, sure, he had—the dredfullest fever at ever was, wi keeping his wet clothes on, and couldn't move hand nor foot for
many

many a month—aye, he may well love that child, for he's had a sight a sorrow for his sake."

The clergyman perceiving Mrs. Barnet exceedingly affected, asked the landlady if she had any thing in the house which would do the lady good?

"I ax pardon—yes, to be sure; I has some wine left at my lady sent me; but dear heart, as John says, I never knows when to hold my tongue; when I gits to talking aboot his honnor and my lady; but howsomdever, I be only like every body els, that's summut."

As the landlady bustled out to get her wine, colonel Barnet, turning to the clergyman, said—"This good woman places sir Edward Langdale in a very amiable point of view; I know his lady to be a most exalted character, and I am happy to find some, at least, of his humbler neighbours allow him to partake it."

"It would be a difficult matter, sir," replied the clergyman, "to find any person

son in this neighbourhood, of any rank, hardy enough to dispute the worth of a man, who, sitting as he does in the midst of a large family who eat his bread, partake his protection, and enjoy his benevolence, proves, in every hour of his existence, that he is a blessing to all around. Since the residence of sir Edward Langdale in this country, the whole face of it is improved; and by the exertion of his talents, an accumulation of wealth and consequence has been given to his neighbourhood far beyond that of gentlemen with estates of ten times the value; and while his system of liberal industry has circulated wealth amongst us, his strict propriety of conduct, and steady attention to religious duties, along with his matchless lady, has, by example, diffused a sense of decorum and morality among the lowest orders of society, which, I fear, is very rarely to be met with."

At this moment the repaired carriage drove to the door; and the horses, refreshed

freshed by their rest, set out with spirit; nor could the surprised and happy couple communicate the pleasure each experienced before they found themselves in the park. At a distance were seen a group of figures, which, as they drew nearer, appeared to consist of a lady and gentleman, a servant, and three children. The boy *must be* Charles! How active he is! how he bounds before the rest!—he has got a toy in his hand, with which he is amusing the little one, which the father takes out of the arms of the servant, that he may toss it on high, and point to the setting sun; the mother now leads the other little one to the house, and seems to warn them of departing day.—But see! Charles has discovered the chaises; and the servant is sent in with the young children, while he draws the baronet towards the strangers, and runs himself to open the last gate.

“Who are you, my pretty boy?”

“I am Charles, to be sure. Who are you?”

“Oh,

"Oh, this is too, too much!" cried Maria, falling on her husband's neck, and weeping for joy.

The carriages stop—the hospitable pair advance to meet their unexpected guests; but who shall speak their astonishment or their delight?—the long-lost friends are locked in each others arms for a moment—but this is treason to a mother's love: Maria looks for her boy—" 'Tis him!—'tis Charles indeed—for his father is in his face, in lineaments more strong than ever!"

If the heart could be said to ache with joy, it may be easily conceived this happy party felt, in all its purity, such hallowed heart-ache. Words they had none, for the tide of feeling overpowered them; even Charles was mute, and wondered what was the reason he could not help crying, for all he was exceeding glad.

When the party had a little recovered their faculties, it was perceived by the strangers that the baronet was the very picture of health, and had never in their memory

mory been so handsome a man as at this time; but his lady was by no means so blooming as when they parted. It was however soon perceived, that Griselda, in the proudest hour of youthful beauty, had never been so much the object of her husband's attention as now, for in every movement, look, and action, he expressed that tender solicitude and affection, which, without obtruding on the eye, can yet be understood by the heart of sensibility.

"More strangers!" cried Charles, the next morning, as they sat at breakfast; "more strangers! there's an old papa come now, but I don't know who he belongs to."

This information was scarcely announced, when the venerable Allen made his appearance. Sir Edward received him with affectionate respect—"You have said very true, Charles, when you told us another papa was come; for in Mr. Allen both us and our children have found the cares of a parent."

Griselda

Griselda received the good old man with glistening eyes, rejoiced to find that his old age was indeed "a winter frosty, but kindly." He soon recognised Mrs. Barnet, and felicitated himself on having come at such a fortunate period, as to be the witness or the messenger of good news of every kind, saying he had many kind wishes from the Elms, where the family were rendered very happy, from just having learned that Mrs. Seymour had presented the captain with an heir.

Sir Edward and lady Langdale, both expressed great pleasure at this event; but the former ringing, said—"I think it is high time you should see mine, Mr. Allen; as I hope you will think him the finest boy in Yorkshire."

Little Edward in a moment after sprung into the room, and very cordially came to the old man—climbed up his knees and stroked his white head, asking if it was Charles's papa too? on being told it was

not—"Den yoo must be Eddy's papa," said the lovely fellow.

The old man could not speak, for his heart was very full; and his eyes, much against his wishes, betrayed what was passing there; he took a little box of comfits from his pocket, and opening them, presented them to the child. "Oh, comfits!" cried Edward; "den I must go and fetch Emmy," and away he scampered to bring his little sister to share the feast.

The old man gazed after him in silent admiration; at length recovering, he said—"I did not undertake this long journey without having an especial reason, sir Edward, which I may mention in the presence of this company without reserve, since my own happiness will receive an addition in so doing, and yours can suffer no diminution."

Sir Edward smiled, and Allen continued—

"This very day, being Wednesday the eighteenth of April, 1812, your estate of
the

the Grove returns into your hand, free from all encumbrances ; and I, John Allen, have taken this journey that I might enjoy the satisfaction of announcing this fact, and offering to you my congratulations thereon, less for the circumstance itself than for the manly forbearance and the admirable exertion which has, at so early a period, procured its liberation. The way in which I have appropriated the various sums remitted to me for this end, may be examined at your leisure, sir Edward."

The old man's voice was lost in the congratulations warmly given, and affectionately received, by the rest of the party ; but in the midst of this delightful tumult, a cold silence took place, on Mrs. Barnet's observing—" That their arrival at this time was very fortunate, as, if it had been deferred a short time, they would have found the Grange deserted for the Grove."

After a moment's pause, sir Edward said, anxiously—" You do not wish to leave the Grange, Griselda ?"

"Indeed I *do not*, but I am *willing* to leave it."

"That is more than I can say, my love, and I feel persuaded that our hearts are in unison on this subject. The Grange is to me a perfect paradise, for she who gave it me, has made it such; and although I am not unmindful of what is due to my patrimonial residence, and shall doubtless have great pleasure in residing upon it occasionally, yet, as the fact is that the Grange has delivered the Grove from thralldom, it has, at present, the greater claims to my gratitude. Here I am useful.—Ah, Griselda! I see you feel with me, that while our children are young, we have a right to indulge ourselves in this delightful retreat.—Stay a month with us, my good friend, and you will justify the resolution."

"Do stay with us, Allen," said lady Langdale, "and you will then see that our duty, as well as inclination, binds us to a place that is exceedingly dear to us, for many strong as well as tender reasons."

"Be

"Be not rash in any decision; remember that the *rich* man's duties multiply with his possessions; the *wise* man's powers increase with his claims. In the course of six months there will be a general election, and I have indisputable authority for saying, that it is the wish of sir Edward's native county that he should become her representative; and at his time of life, it will not be denied that his country has a right to expect his services. Let us decide on nothing rashly."

"No man (replied sir Edward, seriously,) feels more strongly than I do the claims of society in general, or of individual friendship, or is more anxious to fulfil, in their most extensive sense, the virtuous and delightful obligations they impose. But when I reflect on what I owe my wife, all other considerations sink on the comparison. To her angelic patience, and unequalled love, I owe not only happiness, but the power of enjoying and estimating that happiness; and in my
power

power of returning the invaluable blessing of connubial affection, is comprised whatever is most desirable in existence ; to her then will I commit a decision which cannot fail to be honourable and happy from such a dictator."

As sir Edward spoke, his glistening eyes beamed with tenderness and love unutterable ; but finding himself too much affected to bear other society than his Griselda's, he hastily quitted the apartment.

Mrs. Barnet followed him with her looks, as he slowly walked down the park, for some time absorbed in silent admiration ; then turning suddenly to lady Langdale, she exclaimed—" Oh, my friend ! of what a jewel did I once seek to rob you of !—of how happy a lot would my mistaken prudence have deprived you !—I blush when I remember the advice my short-sighted friendship presumed to give you."

" Spare yourself these self-reproaches, my dear friend, for be assured, they are wholly unmerited. In the eyes of many
wise

wise and good people, my conduct will not be justified even by its success; and at this very hour, blest as I am in the best of husbands, I yet consider that nothing less than the peculiarity of my situation, as to being independent in my fortune, devoid of all natural connexions, and attached to this man from my earliest youth, could apologize for my marriage; in short, I think this conclusion may be fairly drawn from my story—That the sufferings of Griselda ought to render every *single* woman afraid of following her example, but that her success ought to induce every *married* woman to pursue it with undeviating energy, and that unwearied ‘patience in well-doing’ which is the gift of Him who heareth the prayers of the humble.”

THE END.

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Critical Review, Sept. 1819



